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HOWARD UNIVERSITY

Of Washington, D. C., a School Where Color and Previous Condition Go Unmolested.

Prepared expressly for The Freeman by Mrs. Josephine T. Washington.

On an elevation just beyond the northern boundary of the city of Washington, in the District of Columbia, is situated the Howard University. Its buildings consist of a main structure, containing chapel, lecture and recitation rooms, library, museum and offices. Industrial Hall, whose name explains its use, Miner Hall, devoted to young women, Clark Hall, to young men, and several cottage residences for professors.

In 1866, ten gentlemen of the city of Washington met and discussed the advisability of founding an institution which would meet the needs for higher education of the large influx of colored people then pouring into the Districts from the South. The result was the establishment of what was known as "The Howard University," chartered by Congress March 2d, 1867. The first section of the charter reads: "That there be established, and is hereby established, in the District of Columbia, a university for the education of youth in the liberal arts and sciences, under the name, style and title of 'The Howard University."

Howard University is not, then, distinctively a "colored" institution, though it is practically such. While it was designed especially to meet the needs of the Negro, its founders showed a commendable spirit of liberality in making no restrictions as to race or color. They would not have an institution from which, under any pretext, he could be debarred; but, on the other hand, they refused to recognize him as a peculiar being, necessarily to be educated separately.

A farm of two hundred and fifty acres was bought, mostly on credit, and suitable buildings at once erected. A portion of this land was shortly afterward sold at advance rates, leaving a large and beautiful tract paid for. Gen. O. O. Howard, in honor of whom the institution was named, was soon elected President, which position he filled most wisely till his resignation, December 1st, 1873. After the resignation of Gen. Howard, Prof. J. M. Langston, of the Law Department, Vice President of the University, took charge temporarily, as afterwards did also Prof. F. W. Fairfield, of the College Department. In May, 1877, Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D. D., LL. D., a man of marked scholastic ability and high Christian character, was called from Chicago, Ill., to the office, which he held till his resignation in May, 1889.

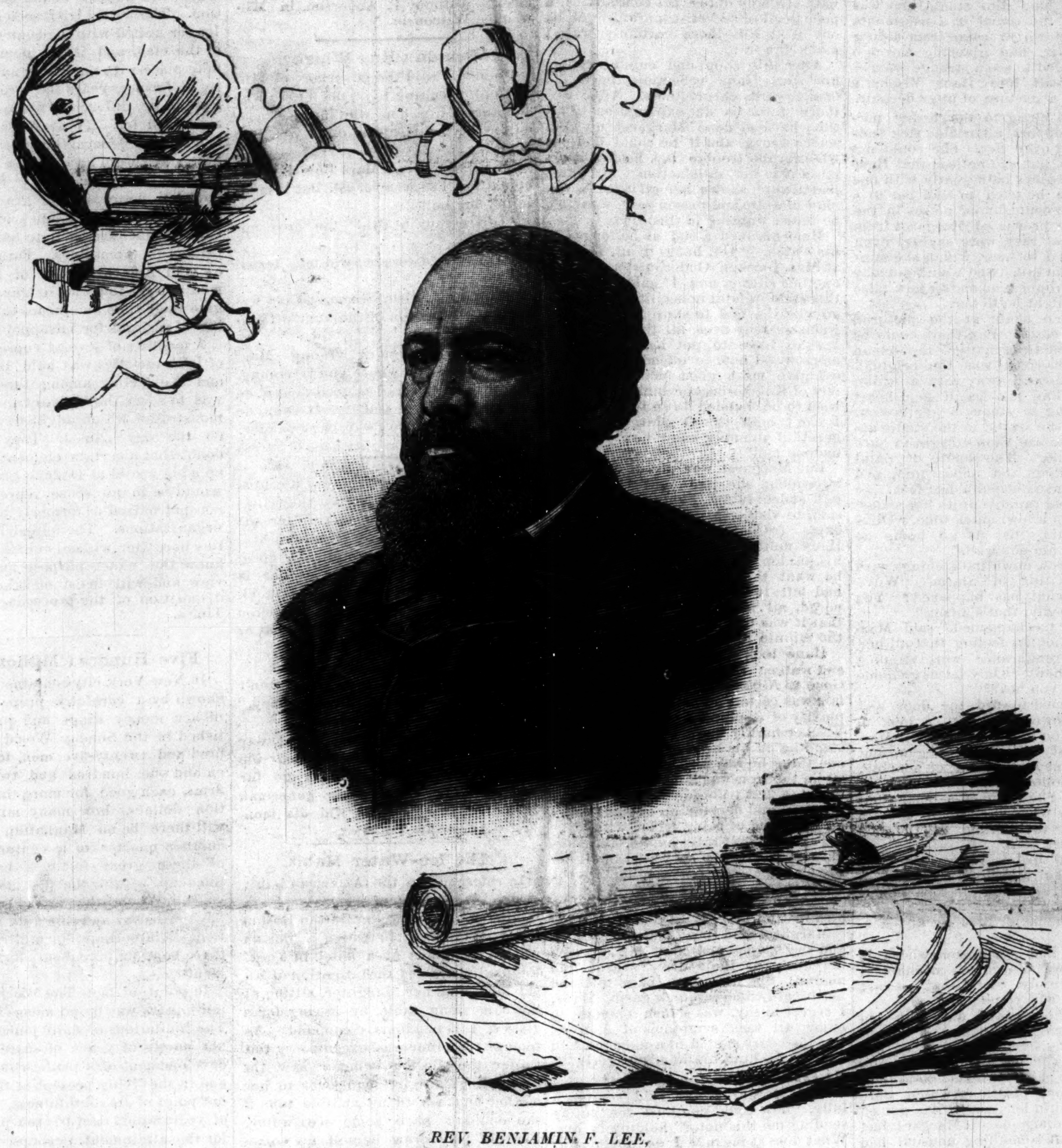
The term "university," as applied to most Southern institutions, has as little meaning as the title "professor," bestowed indiscriminately upon every second-rate teacher of a common school. This is a fault which seems to be largely characteristic of the colored people. They are too ambitious of high-sounding names. They are too anxious to claim all, where only a part is rightly due. They are too much inclined to be satisfied with glitter and dash and show, apt to disregard firm and solid foundation, disposed to catch at the shadow and miss the substance. Of course these faults do not belong to the race as a race, but are attributable to the ignorance and lack of training so widely prevalent among us. There are a great many schools in the South for colored youth, which supply a want in their respective communities, and in their way are doing a good work. Some of them make a specialty of industrial education, while endeavoring at the same time to give a knowledge of the English branches; others aim chiefly to furnish teachers for the public schools. Nobody objects to this. These things are good and proper in their place. But why make a pretention beyond what is the real scope of the work? Yet many of them do. With an inadequete corpse of teachers, both as to number and attainments with inferior cirriculums, or superior ones unconformed to; with no conveniences of philosophical apparatus necessary to successfully teach many of the higher branches; with no professional departments in operation, they arrogate to themselves the title "University" and bestow "A. B." upon graduation. Often, in order to make this assumption with a greater show of reason, they destroy the only usefulness they could have, by industriously pursuing the "cramming" system, and pushing their students forward into classes and text books far beyond their capacity. Need we speak of the inadvisability, the wrong, the injustice of such a method? It brings the school into disrepute among people of intelligence, raises a false standard in the minds of an ignorant community, bewilders and confuses the poor student, prevents him from having a thorough knowledge of any thing, and sends him into the world with an exaggerated estimate as to what he is and what he knows.

Howard University does none of these things. She is, in truth, a University. She has all the departments necessary to make her one—a complete academic course, consisting of Normal, Preparatory and College Departments, supplemented by an industrial School; and the three professional departments of Law, Medicine and Theology. A comparison of her cirriculum with that of the average Northern institution will show nothing to her discredit, and the course of study, as laid down in the catalogue, is strictly followed in the school room. Rigid examinations are given for admission to the various departments, and for advancement from class to class. The number of students pursuing a college course and the average yearly number of graduates from the University may seem small in comparison with its attendance. The high standard maintained in the institution and the number of years of study necessary to graduation from one of its more advanced departments, will account for this fact. Many students are too poor to remain in school long enough to graduate from college; some failing to stand the severe test of examinations and to maintain the requisite class room average, get discouraged and drop out, while yet others grow weary of the long course of study before them, and, caring really more for the name of having been through college than for any benefit to be derived therefrom, prefer to go to some inferior institution where they can graduate in a shorter time.

Howard University believes in securing the best possible teachers. There are people, and some of them very well-meaning members of the race, who have a much lower standard of requirement for teachers in a colored than in a white school of corresponding grade. If they were taxed with any such idea, they probably would most indignantly deny it. in fact, they may not be fully conscious of its entertainment, yet, that they do hold this view is most assuredly proven by their actions. They will advocate for positions in colored schools men of inferior attainments, men whom they would not deem fitted for similar positions in a white school, and often the plea is "colored teachers for colored schools." So say I—but with restrictions. We neither wish our schools encumbered with worthless white men and women who would not be employed anywhere else, nor with incompetent colored teachers placed there because they are colored. Anything is not "good enough for this Negro." Our young people should have the most efficient instructors. It is the only way to make men and scholars of them. They have the hereditary influence of hundreds of years of unfavorable environments to overcome, and the senseless prejudice of an unjust American public to combat. Howard University recognizes that they need the best possible helps to these ends, and tries to do a part by employing only teachers in every way fitted for the work.

In most mixed schools there are both white and colored pupils but all white instructors. This is not the case with Howard University. While it is true that, practically, so far as the students are concerned, it is a colored school (though, owing to the very superior advantages afforded, the whites attend the Medical School in large numbers), this does not destroy the liberality of

[Continued on the fifth page.]



REV. BENJAMIN F. LEE,
Of Philadelphia, Pa., Editor of "The Christian Recorder."

REV. G. W GAYLES, D. D.,

Gaylesville, Bolivar County, Miss.

Rev. G. W. Gayles is one of the prominent representatives of his race in Mississippi. He was born in Wilkinson county, Miss., June 29, 1844. He is the son of Mr. Perry and Rebecca Gayles. His father was formerly of Maryland, and his mother of South Carolina. In 1859 he succeeded in learning his letters which were taught him by Miss Elizabeth Powell, of New York, who was at that time employed by Mrs. Nancy Barrow to teach her two daughters. In 1863 he went into the army and there he remained until the winter of 1834. Mr. Gayles seemed to have a natural love for reading the Bible and hymn books. He was baptized in October, 1866. On the 4th of Nov., 1867, he was called to an ecclesiastical council by Mt. Horeb Baptist Church, Greenville, Miss., which was conducted by Rev. M. B. Black, as Moderator, Rev. Thomas Epps and others members of the Council and Brother J. F. Gilmore, Clerk. The Council being satisfied after the examination of Mr. Gayles, they publicly ordained him to the work of the ministry. Rev. G. W. Gayles then began his ministerial work in Bolivar county, Miss. The first church he organized was the Kindling Altar Baptist Church, at Fast Fork, on the 11th of April, 1863, of which he is pastor until this day. On the 17th of September, 1863, he was appointed to the office of Member of the Board of Police for District No. 3, of Bolivar county, Miss., by Gov. Adelbert Ames. On the 2d of August, 1870 he was appointed Justice of the Peace for District No. 5 of Bolivar county, Miss., by Gov. J. L. Alcorn. On the 29th of August, 1870, he was appointed Supervisor for District No. 5, Bolivar county, Miss., and served until November, 1870. He was then elected as a member of the Mississippi Legislature and held that position four years. In July, 1872, he was appointed Missionary for the counties of Bolivar, Coahoma and Sunflower in Miss. He served until July, 1876 November, 1377, he was elected to the State Senate, of Mississippi, from the 28th Senatorial District, and was reelected up to November, 1887. He held the office of Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Convention for three years and was a member of the Executive Board for eighteen years. In the month of July, 1876, he was elected President of the Baptist Missionary State Convention by acclamation, which position he has held ever since by re-election. Under his administration the Baptist State Convention has had great success. They have bought a printing press at a cost of $500, and established a college at Natchez, Miss., at a cost of $5.365. July, 188[illegible], he was elected editor of the Baptist Signal, which position he held four years.

SUMMER SESSION V. N. & I.

The summer session of the V. N. and I. school was closed on Friday night, July 19, with brilliant literary exercises. The selections, declamations, essays and oratory were characterized by thought and taste. After the exercises President Johnston, in a few well chosen remarks, delivered more than 125 certificates to the assembled teachers, after which a series of resolutions expressive of the good feeling of the teachers to the President and Faculty were offered. The audience was then dismissed.

The session numbered one hundred and sixty teachers, who were carefully instructed in different branches of study. The adoption of a three years' course for the teachers of the State marks a new feature in institute work. The teachers were taught by the following professors and teachers: Reading and Writing, Miss Lucretia Campbell; Arithmetic and Algebra, Prof. Walter Johnson; Geography and Physiology, Prof. J. M. Colson; Grammar and English Literature, Prof. E. D. Scott; United States and World's History, Prof. G. W. Hayes; Methods and Latin, Prof. D. B. Williams; Pscychology and Moral Philosophy, President J. H. Johnston, Model School, Miss J. C. Harris; Music, Miss Helen M. Moten. The following distinguished gentlemen delivered lectures for the benefit of the teachers: Rev. J. C. Manley, Hon. John L. Buchanan, Rev. J. C. Price, Superintendent D. M. Brown, J. H. Hayes, Esq., Dr. H. L. Harriss, Prof. J. E. Jones, Rev. C. B. W. Gordon and Rev. A. B. Callas. The lectures given were broad in range of thought and tended to inspire the teachers with love and appreciation for their work. The session was one of the most interesting and successful ever held in the State. President Johnston deserves much credit for his tact and wisdom displayed in the general management. He and his efficient corps of assistants won the regard and affection of the teachers by their high scholarship and moral character.

OBSERVER.

PENSACOLA PARAGRAPHS.

Florida Points and Personals.

Pensacola, Fla., special to The Freeman.

The A. M. E. Zion undertaking establishment under the management and directorship of the efficient business man, Mr. W. H. Harvey, is one of the best conducted business concern in this city. He having had several years business experience the public need not doubt his competency. His prices are as low as the lowest, therefore he can suit all classes. The attention of the Odd Fellows, F. & A., Masons, S. & D. of St. Luke and the different church societies is called to this establishment of Mr. Harvey, it fills all orders promptly satisfactorily and on as reasonable terms as can be had in the city.

Mr. Benjamin Dolphin of Warrington Fla., said recently to me; "I have resided at Warrington, since 1868. Commenced business there in 1885, I am dealer in choice family groceries, country produce, wood and coal. I receive a fair share of the patronage of the town." He keeps his store packed with the above articles and an immense quanity of wood and coal in his yard. He is courteous, gentlemanly and polite and one of the best specimen of business men. He is assisted in the management of this large and increasing business by his wife who posesses excellent business qualities.

The Freeman agent visited several of the white citizens here last week, soliciting in the meantime their subscription to the same. All of them spoke well of the paper, and one high up in the legal profession said that every colored man in the town ought to take it. I hope hope that they will.

It is often said here that Escambia county is Republican by a safe majority and some say they don't see why it is that it goes Democratic every election. Well, it is just this way the votes are not honestly and fairly counted and most of the socalled Republican leaders are always on the trade with Escambia's Democracy. Yes, some think that the "niggers," the Republican party, here ought to do all the voting and under no circumstances, poke up ther head for an office, even of the minutest importance. Last year the leaders made a ticket and then sold it to our "fair and "friendly" democracy.

MR. CUNEY'S APPOINTMENT

Gives Satisfaction.---Other "Plums" Thrown Out.

Huston, Texas, special.

The Republicans are jubilant over the appointments of N. W. Cuney, collector of customs at Galveston. W. E. Heightower passed a successful examination before the Civil Service Examiners and has received his commission and gone to work between Palestine, Tex. and Longview, Tex.

M. F. White, Grand Master of the U. B. of F., is now on his annual tour through the State and reports the Order in good condition. The Grand Lodge of Texas has been called to meet at Corsicana, Tex., Aug. 19, 1889. A. T. Locket, one of the Grand Lodge officers will represent The Freeman there.

H. T. F. Williams, Grand Secretary, is hard at work preparing his reports for the Grand Lodge.

M. A. Baker and wife will leave for a visit to the North in a few days to find fresh air.

LIVE IT DOWN.

Has your life a bitter sorrow?
Live it down.
Think about a bright to morrow,
Live it down.
You will find it never pays
Just to sit, wet-eyed, and gaze
On the grave of vanished days;
Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?
Live it down.
You can win a brave heart's guerdon;
Live it down.
Make your life so free of blame
That the lustre of your fame
Shall hide all the olden shame;
Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?
Live it down.
Useless griefs will make it double,
Live it down.
Do not water it with tears—
Do not feed it with your fears—
Do not nurse it through the years—
Live it down.

Have you made some awful errors?
Live it down.
Do not hide your face in terror;
Live it down.
Look the world square in the eyes;
Go ahead as one who tries
To be honored ere he dies;
Live it down.

—The Sunny Hours.

"A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS."

I.

A young lady and a young girl stood in the dusky passageway of the fourth floor in an old studio building in New York. They had traversed crooked passages and steep stairways innumerable, and were now breathless and puzzled, not knowing which way to turn.

"Well, if this isn't a delightful hole to drag one up to!" the girl exclaimed, glancing disdainfully into the dingy distances on every hand. "Margaret, we must have gotten into the wrong building. Hans never in the world could have stood this sort of thing. Why, it's—it's—detestable!"

She was hardly more than a child, and her serious, charming face was gathered into a frown of much displeasure and disgust.

"But I'm afraid he has stood it," said Margaret, with a look of hopeless conviction. "Artists don't seem to mind—er—that sort of thing, you know," rather doubtfully.

"What nonsense you are talking!" retorted the uncompromising Olivia. "A man may 'live in a garret alone,' and all that, but I don't believe he likes it one bit! I'm very sure Hans Vischer doesn't, Bohemian though he calls himself. No wonder he's in a hurry to marry you, Margaret; you've got money enough to keep you both from starvation, at all events."

But Margaret Rogers was studying the numbers over the doors, and she discreetly let her sister's last remark pass unheeded.

"Why this is number ten," she said, "and here's Hans' name on a brass palette. Since the door is half open, let's step in and surprise him at his work." But Han's cheery presence was missing from the room, and the studio offered them but a sombre and silent welcome. Margret drew her shawl about her with a little shiver. She felt as if a chill had fallen on her. And where in the world was Hans? He certainly knew that they were coming, for he had asked her particularly to come and inspect his most ambitious work, a figure piece called "A Daughter of the Gods," before sending it off to the fall exhibition of the academy. She had never visited his studio before, and had expected a warmer welcome than this certainly.

"What a queer place an artist's studio is!" said Olivia, in an awed tone, walking about gingerly and inspecting everything that came in her way. Sit down and wait for Hans, Margaret, while I take some impressions—if that's what you call it."

Thus instructed, Margaret sank listlessly into a curiously carved chair, and began to gaze abstractedly out of the window at the blank wall opposite. You would have called her a very handsome woman, I think, as she sat there tapping the floor nervously with the tip of her parasol. She had unusually fine eyes, and her well-clad figure expressed both grace and dignity.

"Do you know, Margaret, I think I should like to be an artist?" Olivia rattled on, making a telescope out of her hands in order to properly see a "skied" picture. "They are always planning and making such charming things, don't you know? I don't think I should mind the stairs—much. Why, if that stupid Hans Vischer hasn't stuck his 'Sunset in New Jersey,' which I thought the prettiest landscape in the spring exhibition, away up in that dusty corner, where it's half hidden by a piece of nasty yellow drapery. If that's all he thinks of it, he might give it to me."

"Here's a new picture of a road and some gees. Ever so much atmosphere and feeling, and all that sort of thing, Margaret. The sky is perfectly lovely! And here's the Death of Laertes, which the critics called a screaming absurdity. You remember how furious Hans was when we showed him the paper, and how he called a critic a 'howling idiot?' I don't remember ever seeing Hans angry before. Poor fellow! He doesn't seem to sell many pictures, does he? They are all here yet, even to that charcoal sketch of an old woman smoking a horrid black pipe, which Hans declared was the best thing he had ever done. But as he's always saying that of the last thing, I didn't put much faith in his statement. Artists do say such ridiculous things!"

"Oh! Margaret, do come and look at this lovely, lovely face! That must be 'A Daughter of the God's'—and isn't she charming! It'll take the prize, I know, and Hans will wake to find himself rich and famous yet."

Margaret, to tell the truth, had not been giving her sister's remarks on art the attention they undoubtedly deserved, but she rose at once on mention of the new picture, a little eager flush rising to her face.

"Charming, indeed!" she murmured with a proud and pleased smile, as she gazed, and gazed at her lover's last picture, which was certainly, "the best he had ever done." "The pose is perfect, and the face—Heavens! how beautiful it is!"

It was indeed a beautiful face—rich, Southern, with red, curving lips, and eyes that glowed and burned, and yet it was soft and tender, too, like an innocent child's.

As Margaret stood before the picture, and gazed in those luminous eyes, a delightful vista of fame and honor for Hans opened before her. If she thought of herself as a humble sharer of these honors, who can blame her? She had always believed simplicitly in Hans' talent, and had responded warmly to his most enthusiastic hopes and dreams; but she had never imagined that fame was so near. Indeed, she had often thought how good a thing it was that she had money to help him out with, since Hans' had none. His life after their marriage would be made lighter by the loss of many a sordid care, she knew, and she rejoiced in the thought.

Olivia, in the meantime, had plunged her inquisitive head into a portfolio of etchings, and Margaret was left to dream on in happy abstraction.

Suddenly, as she loitered near one end of the long dim studio, she was startled by the sound of a passionate little outcry which came from a door slightly ajar, and glancing through was astounded to see a strange woman throw herself into Hans Vischer's arms, with a gesture of utter despair.

Margaret clung to the heavy portierre for support, a horrible sick feeling stealing over her. She could not see his face, but she noticed that Hans stroked the girl's hair gently with one hand, while he tried to lead her to a chair. The confusion of noises in the street below prevented Margaret from hearing what they were saying, even if she wanted to hear, which she most assuredly did not. She would not play the eaves-dropper, no matter how false her lover might be to her.

She looked again at the pictured face on the easel. Yes, there could be no doubt about the matter—the woman in the next room was the original. Margaret turned away with a white, set face. She felt as if her heart were turning to stone in her bosom, and that if she stayed in the studio another minute she should begin to hate Hans Vischer. The smell of paint seemed stifling and unbearable, and the floor heaved beneath her feet.

She walked rapidly up to her sister, and spoke in a low, quick tone. "Olivia," she said, "let us go home at once. I—I am not well."

Olivia threw down the etchings with an exclamation of alarm. "Why, Margaret, what has happened? You look wretchedly, that's a fact."

"Nothing has happened," said Margaret impatiently, feeling that all her powers of endurance were slipping away from her. "Only let us go home at once—do you hear?"

She hastened toward the door, and Olivia followed her with a look of amazement on her face. "Well, Margaret, I must say—" she began, but her sister was already out of hearing, and Olivia followed her with a very bad grace. She assumed a portentous air of injury when she caught up with Margaret at the bottom of the last flight of stairs.

"What did the boy say was the matter with the elevator?" she said, apropos of nothing in particular merely to show that she meant to pass Margaret's behavior in silent displeasure.

"That he had stuck somewhere in the shaft," was Margaret's mechanical and listless reply. "Isn't that our car? Signal to it, will you dear?"

Olivia performed this duty with impressive dignity, then seated herself opposite her sister, and stared at her all the way home. But Margaret's face, though pale, expressed nothing of the tumultous emotions which were seething within her, and Olivia got off the car in a dudgeon. If Margaret had a secret, or if something unusual had happened to her it was clearly her business to tell her younger sister all about it. Then why in the world did she close her mouth as tight as a clam? Olivia had never been treated so before and she wasn't going to stand it—so there!

Hans Vischer came back to his studio rather late that evening. There had been animated discussion in the Rembrandt Club rooms on the worn-out theme of "the ideal and the real in art," and the arguments had waxed long and warm—so much so, in fact, that it was past 12 o'clock when Hans lit the gas and turned over the small heap of unopened letters which had accumulated during the day. There was one in a creamy white envelope which he pounced upon at once with a pleased smile of anticipation.

"From Margaret," he said, postponing his enjoyment of the note, as we are all so fond of doing, long enough to roll and light a cigarette. This duty done, he broke the seal and adjusted his eye-glasses—Hans was a trifle near-sighted, be it said. "Dear girl!" he murmured tenderly. "Of course she's going to explain why she didn't come up this morning. That vicious old aunt of her's wouldn't let her, I suppose, because of some fancied impropriety in the thing. What a bore maiden aunts must be! Heigh-ho! precious glad am I that I haven't any to worry the life out of me. If Margaret only knew how cheerfully I shall take her excuses! But it would never in the world have done to have had them here when Marie was storming about in that reckless fashion. Poor girl! I'm awfully sorry for her. But I can't help wishing she wouldn't throw herself into a fellow's arms—its rather embarrassing, on the whole. And I don't believe Margaret would like it I certainly don't myself."

Hans' jaw began to drop, and his near-sighted eyes stared into vacancy with a commercial air of amazement.

"'Mr. Hans Vischer'—why this can't be from Margaret!" he exclaimed—"and yet it is, by Jove! 'I return you your engagement ring and all the letters you have written me. If you desire an explanation, ask your own conscience for it. I shall give you none.' Short—but sweet; damnably sweet, by Jove! Why, I must be dreaming—this is some hideous nightmare!—'Ask my own conscience for it?' What in the name of——But pshaw! this must be some practical joke—and in very poor taste it is, too. I wonder that Margaret could be guilty of such a thing. I shall give you a piece of my mind to-morrow."

But the longer Hans stared at the innocent looking envelope, the more did the consolation of a joke fade from his mind. He turned it over in his hand, and gnawed his blonde mustache with much energy, but the mystery became more impenetrable than ever. At last he threw it down with a guesture of impatience.

"Well, I can't make it out," he muttered. "Margaret must have taken leave of her senses. I'm sure I've done nothing to deserve this. So let it be, then, there are plenty of other fine women, I suppose. I'm going to turn in and forget all about it; I can't put two thoughts together to-night, anyway."

But no sleep visited his eyes that night, and he tossed about with an ever increasing sense of baffled impatience. He was very much in love with Margaret, and her note, inexplicable though it was, had cut into his heart like a dagger.

He dressed himself at daybreak with a dismal conviction that after all life was hardly worth the living. Between his love affairs and his encounters with strongly obtuse art committees, a poor devil of an artist might as well be out of it all—there certainly wasn't much fun in it.

After his chop and cup of coffee, however, Hans' reflections began to lean towards cheerfulness. After all, there must be an explanation to all this; he had done Margaret no conscious wrong, and if he could find out wherein the trouble lay, he would explain it to her satisfaction. Margaret had always shown herself to be a woman of sense and reason—she wouldn't be found wanting in this case.

Hans groaned aloud as he looked at his watch. "Oh, hang it all, I'm due at Mrs. Bleeker Onderdonk's at 2 for another sitting, and I can't paint in this state of fatal imbecility. I should go wild if I had to stare into that old woman's fishy eyes all the afternoon. I shall have to put her off till tomorrow. I hate to offend her, for she can give me a good many other sitters of Knickerbocker blue-blood, who wish to be handed down to fame—but I can't help it. O Margaret, Margaret! if you only knew how you have undone me!"

But Margaret was not at home that afternoon; she and Miss Olivia had left suddenly for Albany, the servant said, to visit a maiden aunt for a few days. ("Confound the maiden aunts!" Hans muttered, *sotto voce.*) Begging his pardon, did he speak? No? Did he want their address? Miss Olivia had left it on a card, and had whispered, all unbeknown to her sister, that it was to be given to Mr. Vischer the minute he called.

Hans took the card mechanically, and walked away like a man dazed. Gone to Albany were they? This affair was certainly assuming the complexity of a sphinx's riddle, and Hans Vischer hardly knew whether he was standing on his head or his heels. Of one thing he was sure—he would strike while the iron was hot. He meant to take the first train for Albany on the morrow, and demand an explanation—he was tired of being trifled with.

Take the first train he did, and Margaret was never so surprised in all her life as when she saw coming up the garden path, Hans Vischer! Even his eye-glasses seemed to express the determination that lay behind them.

Margaret had been cutting asters, and she opened and shut her scissors nervously, as Hans drew nearer and nearer. She had grown pale, too, and her breath came in quick gasps. Hans, I regret to say, was selfish enough to enjoy all these symptoms of distress. But his heart melted in a moment, and he stretched out his hands eagerly to **Margaret.**

"Oh, Margaret," he said reproachfully, "how could you hurt me so by sending me this note?" holding it out. What does it mean? I do not understand it. You surely do not mean what you say—that all is over between us?"

This is not the denouement Hans had planned. He had meant to be stern, reproachful and unyielding, but somehow all his dramatic phrases refused to be uttered when he looked into Margaret's averted, unhappy eyes.

"I don't know what you think of yourself, Mr. Vischer," said Margaret, speaking in a tone of stirring scorn, and glancing coldly at him. But I consider you—beneath my notice."

Hans grew as pale as ashes, and his blue eyes burned with anger and resentment. For a full minute he stood there before her without speaking. "Margaret," he said at last, in a low, suppressed tone, "for your sake and mine weigh well your next remark before you utter it. I cannot stand any more like the one just made to me. Your conduct demands an explanation, and I will have it. Why did you send me back my ring?"

"Mr. Vischer, your assurance is sublime," said Margaret with a bitter laugh. "Pardon the suggestion, but I'm sure you'd make your fortune on the stage, should the goddess prove fickle in painting. You demand an explanation of me? Go to the original of your 'Daughter of the Gods'—she is explanation enough."

"The original of my 'Daughter of the Gods?' Margaret, for Heaven's sake explain your meaning—I am tired of these mysteries! Why, you are the original of that picture, and I had meant to show it to you and tell you so the other day, had you come to my studio."

"I was at your studio," said Margaret, a look of perplexity creeping over her face. "There was a picture on your easel, and a—young woman in the other room, and—O, Hans, I saw it all, and you have broken my heart! Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do!"

The "proud, pale Margaret" had broken down at last, and the bitter passionate tears trickled through her fingers.

"Margaret! and you believed that of me? Why, that was the young French girl, or child rather, for she is only that, who has been posing for me as Hebe. She has a wretched time of it at home with a drunken father and two brothers who are no better, and she always comes with all her troubles to me, confound her! I—I mean, God bless her! She seems to think that I can help her, though it's very little I do. She calls me her brother, her protector—and—er—seems to think a good deal of me." Hans blushed like a girl as he made this frank confession. "She had an unusually bad time with that cursed father of hers, the other day, and was—rather demonstrative, in fact. I don't wonder that you were a little—surprised. You believe me, don't you, dearest?"

But Margaret could not answer just then. She had thrown herself into Hans' forgiving arms, and was sobbing as if her heart would break. She did not care if fifty inquisitive maiden aunt's and a hundred sharp-eyed Olivia's were in the windows looking at her. To think that she had wronged and hurt and insulted a man so good and true as this one was? Could he ever forgive her? Could she ever forgive herself?

"Your picture is the one I mean to exhibit, dearest, and if you like I shall send poor Marie Larue's with it," said Hans, after he had assured Margaret again and again that all was forgiven, and that her conclusion in regard to his conduct in the studio had been the most natural in the world. "Ah, Margaret! I could paint you blindfolded—I know every tint and curve of your dear face!"—Anthony E. Anderson, in Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Wouldn't Buy Whisky.

"Simon," said the governor of Mississippi, speaking to an old negro who had nursed him, and who had just asked for fifty cents, "why don't you stop drinking?"

"Wall, I tell you Mars Bob, I would do dat but I'se erfeerd, sah, dat it mout injury my hef."

"Injure your health!" the governor exclaimed.

"Yes, sah, disergree wid my 'ternal gestions."

"You are foolish, Simon. Cold water is the salvation of the human family."

"Dat's whar you're wraung, Mars Bob; dat's zackly where you is wraung. Water is de cause o' er good deal o' de misery o' dis yere worl'. It swep, de country wid er flood way back yander, an' has caused er mighty heep o' 'stress since dat time. Tuther day, sah, it rushed down on dat town way up norf yander, sommers, and killed thousands o' folks. Doan come talkin' ter me erbout water, sah, caze I knows it—knows it frum de beginnin', I does. Ef dar wuz ez much whisky ez dar is water, w'y it mout cause jest ez much harm, but ez dar ain't, w'y I reckon water has got de bulge. But be dat ez it may, gubner, gim me fifty cents."

"Not to buy whisky with, Simon."

"I sw'ar ter de Lawd, sah, I ain't gwine ter buy whisky wid dat money."

"All right, then, here it is."

"Thankee sir, thankee. Good day (bowing when he had reached the door) none o' dis money doan go fur whisky. Too much o' er generman fur dat. Gwine git gin wid dis money."—Arkansaw Traveler.

The Ice-Water Habit.

In reference to the American habit of drinking freely of ice water I am reminded, says a writer in the Boston Post, of the way in which a Boston woman, who was at a hotel in York, England, attracted the attention of an old lady and her daughter, sitting at the same long table, by asking for a glass of this insidious compound. As soon as the order was executed by the waiter the Boston woman saw the young English girl lean over to her mother and ask in an audible tone if she couldn't have some ice water. The old lady drew herself up somewhat stiffly, and in a very emphatic voice, which almost seemed intended as a reproach to the stranger, whose example had been felt by her daughter, said: "No, my dear, that 's a very bad American custom.', I believe that this custom has gained ground in England of late years, although ice water is not brought to the table as a matter of course, as with us, but has to be asked for as a special accommodation. No doubt climate has much to do with the difference in the habits of the two people, but I can well understand the feeling with which an English lady of the old-fashioned sort would object to increasing her tendencies as a refrigerant by drinking ice water.

An Incredible Story.

A gentleman who has recently returned from quite a long trip through the "Land of the Aztecs" has been giving some interesting details of his experiences to his friends. Among other things he said that when he was in the City of Mexico he was shown through some ancient buildings, convents and jails that were erected by the Spaniards several centuries ago. In the wall of these ancient edifices he saw a small opening, so he naturally inquired of his Mexican guide what purpose it served. He was told that it was one of those buildings in which criminals were walled up alive. "But what was the use of the hole in the wall?" he asked. "Well, senor," replied the guide, "as long as the prisoner lived his food was handed to him on a plate, and he handed back the empty plate through the hole, but when the prisoner handed back the plate with the food on it untouched, then the jailor knew that he was dead already, and didn't give him any more.—Texas Siftings.

Another Old Standby Overboard.

A scientific iconoclast, careless how many hearts he will make ache, says that the elephant of Noah's time had no trunk. And then all the jokes that have been made about the elephant carrying his own trunk into the ark are null and void and of none effect. Well, there is one good thing about jokes and science; they don't have to depend upon facts for their statements, nor for their existence.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

NONE OF IT IN THEIRS.

Several Irish Societies Decline to Participate in the Coming Annual Picnic.

For some years past the Irish societies of every character in this city have been holding a united picnic and celebration, the proceeds of which have been by consent turned over for supposed national purposes.

About three weeks ago a convention of representatives from the various societies met at Fitzgerald's hall to make preparations for a demonstration on the approaching 15th of August but the indications are that if it take place at all it will be a fiasco and in no sense representative. Heretofore, and principally for the sake of harmony, a certain Clan-na-Gael element have been allowed to conduct the celebration undisputed but recent revelations are likely to sadly interfere with any of there future efforts in the same direction. The united Irish societies are no longer united with the controling gang of the clan, and if the demonstration take place with the fervor and unanimity of former years the proceeds will have to be differently disposed of and accounted for. These August picnics had become general through the United States and were an immense source of revenue to the "triangle." They made no small figure in the grand total of $1,250,000 which the late leaders of the Clan-na-Gael are said to have appropriated to themselves. Father Mathew and Ancient Order of Hibernian men appear to be no longer willing to give their time and means to the swelling of reciepts for misappropriation.

A meeting of several representatives of Irish societies was held last night, and the feeling among those present was to sever themselves from any demonstration which might be attempted on the day named. They did not doubt that a certain element could get up a big crowd at Ogden's grove, but it would be in no sense representative, nor patronized as formerly by all Irish organizations. The united Irish societies hereafter will only unite when they know the exact purpose and aim in view and will insist on knowing the disposition of the proceeds.—Chicago Times.

Five Hundred Millionaires.

If New York city contains to-day, as shown by a carefully prepared study of her money kings and queens published in the Sunday World, one hundred and twenty-five men, forty women and one hundred and twenty-nine firms, each good for more than a million dollars, how many millionaires will there be on Manhattan Island in another quarter of a century? Most of these great fortunes have been piled up within the past twenty-five years. When the next twenty-five have rolled by and rolled up more millions—and perhaps some billions—will there be room hereabouts for the poor man?

In point of fact The World's list of millionairs was by no means complete. The limitations of daily journalism do not admit of years of search for the developement of a truth which is now and in the living present at the white-hot point of its youthfulness. A search of years would not be too protracted for the attainment, perhaps, of an accurate knowledge of the number and wealth of those whose coherent and corporate interests constitute in the very nature of things a growing menace to the free institutions which in this country were founded on the equality of individuals.

May not the pressure of this mighty reservoir of wealth, which a thousand golden rivulets are swelling each day while men work, each night while men sleep, each hour while men are passing it by unheeded, break at last through the barriers which the Constitutions have set up and sweep away our social order before its merciless tide? The cry of "danger" was raised in vain in the valley of the Conemaugh.

There are probably five hundred and more individuals in New York to-day who could check a million dollars from bank. Were there five thousand a generation hence, what could measure the aggregate of their power or limit the fulfilment of their desires?—New York World.

A Queer Propositi n.

Gen. Austin Lathrop, at Albany, N. Y., received a remarkable letter a few days ago. It was from Philadelphia, and was apparently from a well educated man. The writer said that he was poor and out of work, and that he had a large samily to support. He had just seen a statement in some newspaper that Gen. Lathrop had some doubts whether the electrical apparatus which was to be placed in the three state prisons to execute murderers would destroy life instantaneously. If Gen. Lathrop would guarantee that his (the writer's) family should be paid $5,000 in case of his death he would submit himself to a trial with the electrical machine. A test could be made upon him. If the machine killed him the $5,000 should be paid to his family. In case Gen. Lathrop should look favorably upon this offer he would request him to insert a personal addressed to A. F." in the Philadelphia Ledger stating the fact, when "A. F." would go to Auburn prison, where the first electrical execution apparatus is to be used, and the trial could be made upon him. It is needless to say that Gen. Lathrop has not accepted this offer.

WHAT TO DO IN EMERGENCIES

Information that May Prove of Value Some Day or Other.

What to do in case of emergency is an important subject and information on it should be either committed to memory or else so placed as to be easily available in time of need, says a letter in the New York News.

Burns of the eye by calcium or lime are not very common, yet it is useful to know how to treat them. In the event of lime getting into the eye or around the front of the eyelids it is well to remember, until the arrival of medical attendance, that in no case must water be used. Washing with vinegar will neutralize the caustic properties of the lime, and any fractional bits may afterward be removed by the use of a feather or camel's hair brush lightly applied, or if neither is at hand, by linen folded to a point. Acute inflammation of the eye must be looked for after such an accident. Even with immediate medical aid the eye may be much damaged, but without it the organ may be sacrificed.

I would like to call attention to a remedy which possesses such wonderful therapeutic powers in the cure of almost all known wounds that it deserves a place in every household. It is called iodoform and comes in the form of powder. It has no equal in the cure of chronic sores or ulcers, as well as cuts and wounds of all kinds. Its value as a remedy has been somewhat impeded by its odor, which is the only objectionable feature about it, but for the sake of a speedy cure this can be tolerated. It is used in all hospitals throughout the world and recommended by the medical profession in every land. It is an ingredient of all ulcer ointments nowadays. It is best used in conjunction with some vehicle, such as vaseline in the proportion of one drachm of iodoform to one and a half ounces of vaseline. It is well to have it carefully and prominently marked "Poison, for external use only. Use it by spreading upon lint and bandage it to the wound twice a day. When removing, and before applying a fresh bandage, wash the wound thoroughly with warm water and soap.

As we are often placed in positions requiring assistance and perhaps thrown upon our own resources the following may be impressed upon the memory to advantage:

If scalded plunge the part in water. This relieves pain instantly and gives time for thought and composure.

An insect in the ear may be drowned out with tepid water or killed by a few drops of sweet oil.

If anything hard gets into the ear double a stout horse-hair, place the head on one side, and drop the loup into the ear, move it about until it catches the object, and then draw it out.

In cases of poisonous bite suck the wound instantly, unless the mouth is sore.

If the throat burns after swallowing a poison drink sweet oil. If you are falling asleep from a poison drink half a glass of water into which has been stirred a teaspoonful each of salt and common table mustard, and after vomiting, drink the strongest coffee and keep in motion until perfectly awake. After any poison swallow one or two raw eggs.

If smoke is suffocating you fall on the floor and crawl on your hands and knees.

In cases of insensibility in which there is loud snoring the person is seized with apoplexy. Raise the head, remove pressure from the neck. If the face is pale, and the breathing very low, it is a case of fainting. Place the body perfectly level and lower the head. The patient will promptly revive. Nothing else is necessary.

Always remember that if you have health don't meddle with it. Avoid doctoring and drugs until a real necessity for their use arises.

Rather Bright, Wasn't It?

Not a thousand miles from Boston dwells a man who has recently wed a third spouse. It was the somewhat eccentric whim of the second wife to to have a picture painted wherein she and the first wife were represented as standing together with their arms entwined about each other's waists. When the third wife came into power she was at first somewhat puzzled to know what to do with this extraordinary production of combined affection and art. With genuine woman's wit, however, she hit upon the idea of having the piece worked over, and with what result may be judged from a conversation in regard to the picture which took place between the bride and one of her wedding callers. The visitor inquired if the picture represented relatives of the family.

"No, not relatives," the wife replied. "I believe the originals were distant connection of my husband, but the picture represents 'Faith and Resignation.' It is thought that the figure of Faith resembles a former friend of Mr. Smith, but I cannot tell, as I never saw her."—Boston Transcript.

A young man who gets the opportunity to see his best girl only on the evening of the first day of the week is strongly opposed to the prohibition of the Sunday press.—Norristown Herald.

Smart Attorney—You say the evening wore on. What did it wear on that particular occasion? Witness—The close of day, I presume.

A REGULAR BELCHER.

History of the Most Remarkable Volcano on Earth.

Yzalco, in the little republic of San Salvador, is in many respects the most remarkable volcano on earth; first, because its discharges have continued so long and with such great regularity; again, because the tumult in the earth's bowels is always to be heard, as the rumblings and explosions are constant, being audible for 100 miles; and finally, it is the only volcano that has originated on this continent since the discovery by Columbus. It arose suddenly from the plain, in the spring of 1770, in the midst of what had been for nearly 100 years the profitable estate of Senor Don Balthazar Erazo, who was absent at the time, and was greatly amazed upon his return to discover that his magnificent coffee and indigo plantation had, without his knowledge or consent, been exchanged for a first-class volcano.

In December, 1769, the peons on the hacienda were alarmed by terrific rumblings under the ground, constant tremblings of the earth, and frequent earthquakes. They left the place in terror.

Some brave vaqueros, or herdsmen, remained near by to watch developments, and on February 23, 1770, they were entertained by a spectacle that no other men have been permitted to witness; for about 10 o'clock on the morning of that day the grand upheaval took place, and it seemed to them, as they fled in terror, that the whole universe was being turned upside down. First, there was a series of terrible explosions, which lifted the crust of the earth several hundred feet, and out of the cracks issued flames and lava, and immense volumes of smoke. An hour or two afterward there was another and a grander convulsion, which shook and startled the country for 100 miles around.

Rocks weighing thousands of tons were hurled into the air and fell several leagues distant. The surface of the earth was elevated about 3,000 feet, and the internal recesses were purged by masses of lava and blistered stone, which fell in a heap around the hole from which they issued. These discharges continued for several days at irregular intervals, accompanied by loud explosions and earthquakes, which did much damage throughout the entire republic; the disturbance was perceptible in Nicaragua and Honduras.

In this manner was a volcano born, and it has proved to be a healthful and vigorous child. In less than two months from a level field rose a mountain more than 4,000 feet high, and the constant discharges from the crater which opened then have accumulated round its edges until its elevation has increased 2,000 feet more. Unfortunately the growth of the monster has not been scientifically observed or accurately measured; but the cone of lava and ashes, which is now 2,500 feet from the foundation of the earth upon which it rests, is constantly growing by the incessant discharges of volcanic matter.—Ex.

Millionaires.

The sober-minded thinking people of this country have no feelings of envy or covetousness towards the millionaires. There is no communism in their hearts. They applaud the honest accumulations of riches and they commend the capitalists who invest in large enterprises that give employment to labor and pay just wages that will enable the laborer to live in comfort. But there is something wrong about any system of political economy that will not do more than this for labor. It should be so rewarded that something could be accumulated and laid by for misfortune. Every man who faithfully toils for a living is entitled to food and clothing and a home—not a shelter but a home. He is entitled to something for sickness and the accidents of life—something to provide against the perils of fire and flood and pestilence and famine and war—something for the education of his children and something for old age. The rich have all these, and they got them mainly from the labor of the poor. They got them by fair means or foul. When the yellow fever visited Jacksonville what could the poor do but stay and suffer and die?—Bill Arp.

The Under Dog in the Fight.

Upon one of Boston's most fashionable boulevards serenely sits a statue in bronze of William Lloyd Garrison. He is the same man whom a well-dressed mob at one time pursued through the streets of the city which his statue now honors, and the authorities were obliged to confine him in jail to protect him from the fury of the mobbers.

Giodarno Bruno, an Italian philosopher and heretic, was burned at the stake in 1600. After almost three hundred years his statue has just been unveiled in Rome to the great acclamation of the people. For successive generations his name has been held in infamy and has become a favorite appellation to give to dogs. Bruno, like many canine namesakes of his, was the under dog in the fight. So was Garrison, and so have been all the martyrs. We may trust the sympathy of the people to inevitably go to the bottom dog in the tussle, but sometimes it takes three hundred years to do so. Though the mills of Gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.—Yankee Blade.

Cyclone Warnings.

The Picayune has constantly reiterated the importance of having a complete and thorough system of storm warnings and meteorological observations to give advance information of the cyclonal hurricanes which originate in the tropical archipelagoes of the Caribbean and West Indian seas. For several years past this journal maintained, at its own cost at Key West, special communication with Rev. Father Vines, the eminent meteorologist at Havana, by which means was received and published, in advance of any other agency, intelligence of the movements of the tropical cyclones towards the Gulf of Mexico. This service has been undertaken by the United States weather bureau within about a year past, obviating the necessity for private enterprise, and the beneficial results which have come from these storm warnings ought to stimulate the government to provide, on a more extensive scale, for observing the meteorology of that region which may be called the cradle of the cyclone.

These storms originate in the southeastern limits of the Carribean Sea, and are first observed off the Windward Islands, which extend in a great semicircular curve, with the convex side to the eastward, making a sort of broken but well defined chain from the coast of Guianna, South America, to Porto Rico, the most easterly of the great West India islands. These islands are connected with Guiannese ports and with each other by telegraph cables, and thence with the United States by way of Key West. There is also another cable from Cuba, by way of Jamaica, to Colon. There is in addition a cable from Coatzacoalcos, on the Isthmus of Tehauntepec, to Galveston, and another from Vera Cruz, by way of Tampico, to Galveston. By means of interior and coast lines the principal gulf ports of Central America are attainable by telegraph.

It is thus possible to obtain telegraphic reports of the weather from every principal station around the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, and if there were some proper international arrangement intelligence of the meteorological conditions at all important points could be obtained by wire in the United States. When storms start in those tropical seas they first move to the westward as long as they remain in tropical latitudes. Should they become diverted to the northward by the mountain wall of Central America they either move into the Gulf of Mexico or they sweep up along the Atlantic coast, generally following the Gulf stream. These storms operate according to general laws with a very considerable degree of regularity, and if we can only have information of their positions at several successive stations it is possible to forecast their future movements with some degree of reliability. At any rate by means of existing telegraph facilities it is possible to get such warning of the approach of cyclones that great benefits may inure not only to the seafaring classes, but to the people on shore.

It is certainly worth while for the government to undertake at considerable outlay of expense to establish a proper system of observation to get this information. No nation is as much interested in the matter as is ours. The benefits to be secured are so great that no reasonable expense should be spared to insure information on which the most important consequences depend. We must here express acknowledgements to the Hydrographic Bureau of the Navy for a carefully prepared chart in which the various telegraphic communications between the United States and the various islands and countries to the south of us are given, with a view of urging on the attention of the public the facilities which exist for securing the establishment of a system of cyclone warning. Congress should embrace the opportunity offered.—New Orleans Picayune.

Clean in the Faith

"Yas, sah, Mr. George," said an old negro, "we got ter keep clean; we got ter keep clean, sah, or dar ain't no hope o' de salwation."

"Why, then, don't you go and wash yourself?"

"Whar—whar—whut, sah? W'y doan I go wash merse'f?"

"Yes, and put on a clean shirt. You are as dirty as you can be."

"Oh, now, yere, I ain't talkin' 'bout dat sorter keepin' clean. I wuz talkin' 'bout keepin' clean in de faif sah; in de faif. I ain't got no time ter fool erlong with de waters o' dis yere life. Whut I means is ter keep yer speret clean, washed in de dew-draps o' de new Jerusalem; means, ez I tells you, dat we mus' keep clean in de faif, sah; keep clean in de faif."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Tansy as a Cure for Rabies.

M. Pasteur is threatened with a rival. Dr. Peyrand, a consulting physician at Vichy, claims to have discovered an efficient method for treating rabies. By injecting into rabbits the essence of the familiar herb called "tansy" he produced what he calls hydrophobic intoxication, or something very similar, and with virus thus obtained he mingled 10 per cent of chloral. He injected several animals which had rabies with this prophylactic, and he professes to have cured four out of six. This limited experience, however, can scarcely be regarded as a sufficient test of the success of the new mode of treatment.

LIVELY TURNS OF THOUGHT.

Kentucky raises 300,000,000 pounds of tobacco every year, half the crop of the United States.

A little girl in Orvingsville, Ky., choked to death after swallowing a grain of corn, which lodged in her throat.

According to an exchange, the number of churches burned last year was 182, and all but twelve of them took fire from their own furnaces.

No one in Jamaica drinks Jamaica rum. Americans who have seen it made allege that common dishwater is a royal drink compared to it.

Fourteen thousand girls are attending the London school Board Cookery centers. Still further facilities for increasing this number are now being made.

The New Hampshire girl who drank chalkwater to make her look pale fooled the doctors nicely. It took two post-mortems to tell what she died of.

Base ball is going up in the world. An American sculptor has a statue under that title in the Paris salon, representing a young man in the act of throwing a ball.

One of the sad things connected with the hard times in Persia is the fact that many men with from fifteen to twenty-five wives have had to reduce the number to three or four.

Lebanon, Conn., refuses to accept the old homestead of her revolutionary governor as a free gift, because the taxes on it are $8 per year and the town would have to pay them.

Some ingenious arithmetician has calculated that the 30,000,000 stamps issued by the English postoffice from 1840 to 1881, if placed end to end, would reach to the moon and back.

Turks and Arabs and dancing bears have become so numerous in the south that the cities and towns are passing special ordinances to deal with them and make all hands dance.

A man at Hamilton, Ohio, had an old building torn down and all the nails saved, and when he got through and figured up he found that they had cost him 31 cents per pound.

New York restaurants must make 100 per cent profit on all meats and provisions even to pay current expenses, and the other fifty per cent is added to encourage the proprietor.

No less than four doctors will be always on duty at the Paris exhibition, and will be found, when wanted, at the fixed points at which it has been arranged to post them.

When pigs in clover fell upon the London market it cost a shilling. A week afterward it came down to 6 pence, and to-day it is being sold like wildfire in the streets at a penny.

The story that the electric light on the Eiffel tower "makes all Paris as light as day" was originated by a boss liar. Ten thousand electric lights would not accomplish that end.

The site for the Washington zoological garden has been established two miles from the White House, and all are agreed that this is a safe distance. Each end of the line will draw its own crowd.

The bite of the Georgia rattlesnake on a hot day kills in twenty to thirty minutes, unless a remedy is at hand, and whoever saw a Georgian slashing around without his remedy for bites of all sorts?

At the rate the population of Norway is now leaving that country for the United States not one will be left there in fifteen years, and the world can use the vacant spaces for cold storage purposes.

Leprosy is increasing in Russia. During the last ten years forty-nine patients were treated in the St. Petersburg hospitals, half of whom were natives of the city. The Baltic provinces suffer most from the disease.

Sewing circles down in Maine mean something. One at Somesville, Mount Desert, has bought an organ for the church, provided a hearse, built sidewalks, and raised $500 to put an iron fence around the cemetery.

A steamer sailed for Italy the other day which had twenty-eight Italians among the passengers, who were going home with from $3,000 to $17,000 apiece, all made in this country from the hand organ and the "bananio."

Mrs. True, of Rhode Island, had the baking powder on the pantry shelf and the rough on rats down cellar, and how she got 'em transposed and used the latter for biscuits is a great mystery to her. Only two of the family.

Some Swiss engineers are planning an aerial railway by which they propose to connect two of the peaks of Mount Pilatus with wire ropes about two thousand feet long, and to send tourists from summit to summit in cars sliding along the wires,

Hereafter women will be admitted to the Hartford Theological Seminary on the same terms as men. This action has been taken by the trustees to meet the needs of women who desire to prepare themselves for Christian work either at home or abroad.

The hygroscopic quality of table salt, and its tendency to pack together in cruets and containers, may be entirely overcome by thoroughly drying the salt and intimately mingling it with a small percentage of dry corn starch or arrow root. From eight to ten per cent. is amply sufficient for the most humid atmosphere (as on the sea coast), while a much less percentage of the starch is sufficient for inland points.

In a large portion of Europe, from one half to two-thirds of the population is crowded into cities. In the United States the older states exhibit similar conditions. Leaving out the towns of less than 4,000 inhabitants, the ratio for Massachusetts is sixty-six per cent., Connecticut and New York fifty-four per cent., New Jersey fifty-two per cent., and Pennsylvania thirty-nine per cent. constitute the urban population.

A process of preserving the colors of flowers in dried specimens, as used in Berlin, consists in steeping the plants in a solution of sulphurous acid containing one-fourth of its volume of methylated spirit. Delicate flowers require an immersion of but five or ten minutes, and thick leaves as much as twenty-four hours. They are then removed, the fluid is allowed to evaporate, and the leaves are dried between paper in the usual way.

The fire at Seattle was far more extensive than the great conflagration in its rival, Tacoma, last winter. Seattle's handsome business blocks were all on one side of the main business street, and they are a mass of ruins. The loss on the opposite side will be in reality a gain, as the buildings were frame shanties, and the owners would neither build nor sell, their rents being extremely profitable. On this street the price per foot was twice as high as in the best portion of Denver

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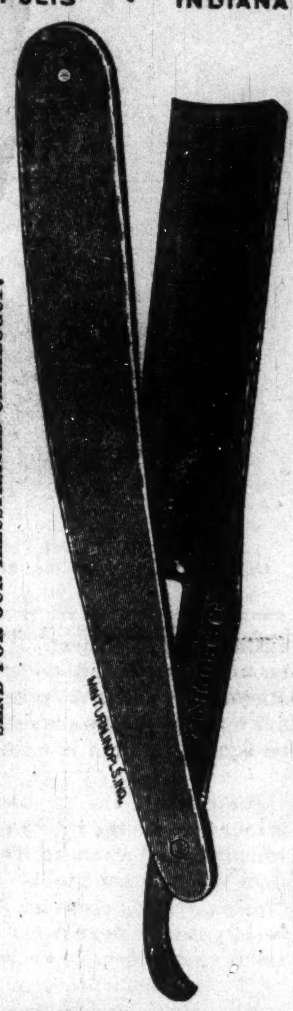

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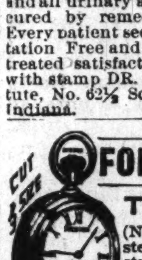

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I want you to have my 200-page Catalogue with 1,700 illustrations, and therefore, for a limited time, will send it with 1 pair Rolled GOLD PLATED Lever SLEEVE BUTTONS, or 1 Ladies' LACE PIN, or Gents' SCARF PIN, for 25c. Catalogue FREE. Can use stamps.
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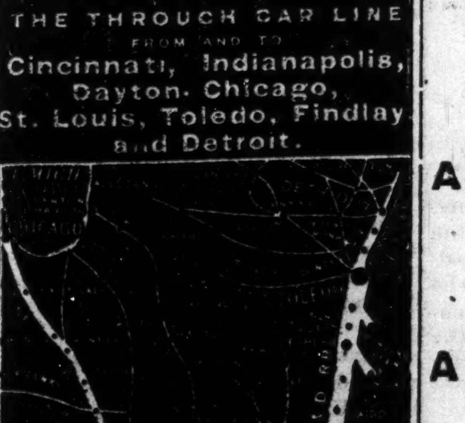

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Reclining Chair Car Cincinnati to Decatur, Ills., Springfield, Ills. and Keokuk, Iowa [illegible]
For full information [illegible] Sleeping Car space etc., inquire of or address
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THE FREEMAN ILLUSTRATED

A National Colored Newspaper and the only pictorial colored journal published in the United States. As a bold and fearless champion of the Negro race it has no equal. It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people.

READ WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

THE BEST NEGRO PAPER.

So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of the colored people is The Freeman of this city. No other paper is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are exceedingly well conceived and executed.—Indianapolis Journal.

A GROWING PAPER.

The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illustrated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Indianapolis News.

IT MUST BE SEEN.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the United States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement.—Sun.

The Washington Bee, one of the ablest colored newspapers published says of us: Editor Cooper, of the Indianapolis "Freeman," is the most enterprising Negro Journalist in the country.

The "Freeman" is a necessity.

The National Leader; The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., E. E. Cooper, manager is the only pictorial publisher in the country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrates newspaperdom. We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race.

The illustrated "Freeman" of Indianapolis, Ind., is to the colored people, what Frank Leslie is to the whites.—The Advocate, Leavenworth, Kan.

Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrated Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

One of our contemporaries kindly says; The Freeman is a new and long needed venture in Negro journalism, every department complete and ably managed, which demonstrates the fact that we have men among us who possess the same marke tastes, traits and abilities which the white men have."

Another remarks; "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro Journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a decided advantage over the average weekly newspaper.

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States. It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

The position of The Freeman among the Negro journals is admirable and unique. The faithful portraiture and graphic sketches of noted colored men published weekly are gratifying in a high degree.—Southern News.

The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner stone.

Decidedly the best newsyaper in typographical makeup and mechanical arrangement published in this country is The Freeman, an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advise them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.—Va, Lancet.

The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

A Political Paper.

It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

A General Newspaper.

It is the peer of any in the land, and is brimful of spicy news each week. Particular attention will be given to the stage, the pulpit, the school room and workshop and the leading occupations and professions of the race.

An Advertising Medium.

It has no equal as an advertising medium, reaching as it does a class of people, not reached by the white papers. Rates can be had by application at our office.

Our Subscription Rates.

One year in advance	$2.40
6 months " "	$1.35
3 months " "	75c

All business should be addressed to THE FREEMAN, Edward E. Cooper, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Freeman Wants

Honest, active, intelligent agents in every city, town and hamlet in the U. S. Industrious young colored men and women can find lucrative employment by addressing THE FREEMAN. References required.

THE FREEMAN
A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER
EDWARD E. COOPER PROPRIETOR

The Freeman is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

Entered at the Postoffice at Indianapolis as second class matter.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year.......... $2.40
One copy, six month.......... $1.3,

Invariably in advance.

Cash must in all cases accompany orders for subscription.

Send money by Postoffice order. Express money. Bank draft or Registered letter. Address

EDWARD E. COOPER,
Indianapolis, - - Ind.

WANTED.

We want a first-class agent for The Freeman in every city and town not already taken and we will allow a liberal commission for the same. Young men and women will find this work pleasant as well as profitable. Address this office for further particulars.

NOTICE.

The public is warned against paying any subscriptions to G. A. Williams, of Hopkinsville, Ky., and Evausville, Ind, he having secured subscribers and neglected to turn in their money.

Hereafter agents must return all unsold copies of The Freeman by mail. They must also mail their orders so as to reach us by Monday of each week.—The Freeman.

The continued and wanton murder of innocent colored people in this country is a blot on the civilization which we are so wont to boast of.

Nearly every State has had a Presidential appointment from the colored contingent except Georgia. Where are Messrs. Pledger, Wright, White, Burnett, Sykes, etc., etc!

Our artist strikes a key note in his cartoon, "a vision of '92." Here the Negro is seen in the Democratic, Prohibition and Greenback parties. It is a prophesy. Watch it.

The new Congress will have an opportunity to show its love and fealty for the Negro by passing the Blair educational bill and the Freedmans Bank relief bill. While these measures will benefit the whole people they will be of special benefit to us. If the bills are not passed the Negro will ask to know the reason why in '92.

One of the things which will enter largely into the solution of the race problem, but which has been, and is today, sadly neglected by colored men, is the teaching of trades to their boys and girls. The rule has been for our boys to come out of school and go into the hotel or barber shop, or for our girls to go into somebody's kitchen or washtub, when their education is completed. Can we expect to be a business race so long as this custom is followed. Get trades for your children and teach them to aim higher than the hotel and barber shop.

The Negro has followed rush lights and blind leaders so long that to do otherwise is against his nature. In Liberty county, Ga., a long haired, crazy white man, who ought to be locked up in a lunatic asylum, has been "leading" and "performing miracles" and promising to take them to the promised land next month sure. Through pity the white man was put where he properly belonged, in an insane hospital, and now a colored Moses has risen in his stead, promising more and doing worse than his white predecessor. In the language of a colored Democrat, "When will the Negro get his eyes open?"

The Tradesman a paper at Chattanoogo, Tenn., has instituted an inquiry with the reference to the value to Negro labor in industrial channels in the south.

The inquiries were sent to 300 leading southern manufacturers, representing blast furnaces, rolling mills, miscellaneous iron work, mines, lumber mills, saw mills, etc. Replies were received, which represent 9,000 Negro employes of whom 1 500 are skilled. The average wages paid common Negro labor is $1.10 per day, and skilled labor runs from $1.75 to $3.25 per day, though several correspondents pay colored puddlers, heaters, and rollers as high as $4 and $5 per day, and many furnaces pay as high as $2.50. The replies without a single exception, shows that there is no difference at all between the pay of whites and blacks for the same class of work. The manufacturers are practically unanimous in the opinion that for common labor in the southern States the Negro is more efficient and useful than the white, and, without an exception, they declare themselves well satisfied with the Negro in the factory and announce their determination to continue him in his place. Many state that he is making progress in skilled work. The Tradesman adds that the condition of the Negro is constantly improving, and as an industrial factor his usefulness is now recognized by all.

JOURNALIST
AND
LITERARY FOLKS.
FREEMAN

W. E Cobb, of the Baptist Leader, (Ala.) has received an appointment in the Government printing office.

Rev. R. DeBaptiste, D. D, of Galesburg. Ill., is still collecting statistics and revising former records of the colored Baptists of the United States.

Gen. Robert Smalls will deliver an address in Beaufort, S. C, Saturday night, August 3. "The New South" advises the people to "draw near" and hear.

Hon. J. W. S. Banks, the orator and leading politician of Nebraska, will start on a lecturing tour in September. His first lecture will be on "The Future of the Negro Race."

Rev. C. S. Smith is suffering to such an extent from Bright's disease that he has been granted a six months' vacation and Rev. L. C. Coppin has been detailed to fill the vacancy.

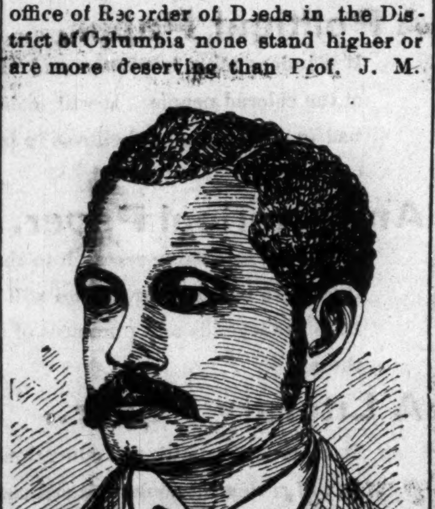
The editorial work of Prof. W. H. Furniss on the World of this city is a great improvement on the hackneyed stuff dished out heretofore by that paper. That it takes brains to edit a newspaper is clearly demonstrated in this instance.

Father Tolton, of Illinois, Mr. Dan A. Rudd of the Catholic Tribune, of Cincinnati, and Mr. Robert L. Ruffin, of Boston, sailed from New York, last week, to attend the International Anti-Slavery Congress, which meets at Lucerne, Switzerland, August 3.

The Catholic Tribune, which is published in the interest of the colored Catholics, but which has little or no circulation among colored people, is the best paying colored newspaper in the country. This is another instance of the catholicity of the Catholic church.

The Pine Bluff Hornet wants to know what has become of J. Milton Turner, T. Thomas Fortune and others of that political school. Mr. Turner has just drawn about $15,000 on that Oklahoma bill, while Mr. Fortune is making the fur fly from Republican hides through the columns of the New York Age. The men of ideas are hard to down, Brother Dakes.

Among the many candidates for the office of Recorder of Deeds in the District of Columbia none stand higher or are more deserving than Prof. J. M.



Gregory, of Howard University. Prof. Gregory, we learn, is a candidate for the place, and while there are others equally deserving, we know of no one who would give such satisfaction to the entire race as would Prof. Gregory. The administration could make no better appointment.

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.

Paraphrased from the Florida Sentinel.

"Are you a subscriber to The Freeman?"

"I am."

"A great Negro Journal, isn't it?"

"You're mighty right it is."

"How long have you taken it?"

"I subscribed for it for six months, but I don't get it regularly."

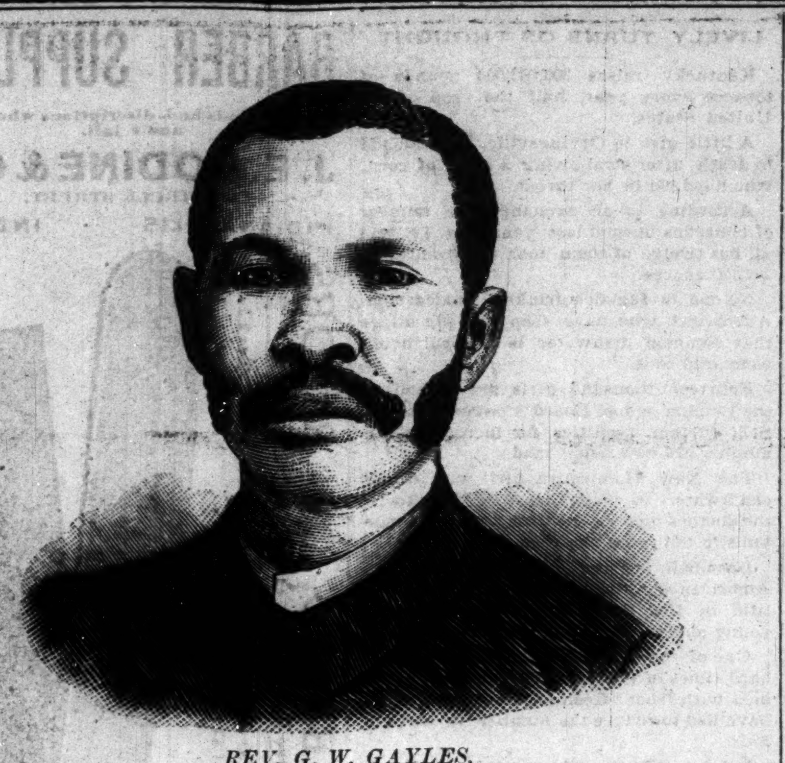
"Have you paid for it?"

"I have not as yet."

"Well, I'm surprised that you get it at all."

"Now, my friend, let me advise you to go right to the postoffice and mail your subscription at once to editor Cooper, and you will get The Freeman as regularly as clock work with all the irregular ones thrown in.

J. Milton Turner has succeeded in compromising his Oklahoma claim against the government. It was allowed for fifteen thousand dollars, but the Missouri orator took seven thousand five hundred dollars and called the matter square. Milton is a hustler.



REV. G. W. GAYLES,

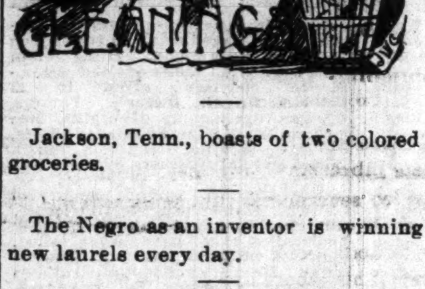
Of Greenville, Miss., the last Colored State Senator in the Mississippi Legislature.

The editor of the St. Louis Advance is sour because the subscription money which should come to his exchequer from the colored people is spent in "frolicing" and "picnicing." In an unusually sad moment when he was hot and dry, very dry, he wrote as follows:

"We buy steamboats and steam cars every summer, and pay more than one-third installment upon the halls in winter, but we never get possession of them.

"Now let us buy a hall for ourselves.

"It is not so hard to do"



Jackson, Tenn., boasts of two colored groceries.

The Negro as an inventor is winning new laurels every day.

Mr. George H. Siddon is one of the best known florists in the State of Maryland.

The colored people of Pine Bluff, Ark., want five letter carriers. They hav'nt any yet.

W. R. Morris, a colored lawyer, is the first to open an office in St. Paul, Minnessota.

The finest hotel in Valley Falls, Kan., is owned and managed by David Smith, a wealthy colored man.

Out of a hundred and thirty-seven counties in Georgia there are but five that have colored jurors.

The colored people of Rochester, N. Y., will celebrate on the 6th of Aug. Major F. S. Cunningham will be Marshall of the day.

Atlanta has three cemeteries; in two of them both white and colored are buried. One of them is owned and controlled by colored men.

Mrs. Kate Bradley, of Rochester, N. Y., wishes to know the whereabouts of Miss Melonia Payne. When last heard from she was in St. Louis, Mo.

New York colored people evidently believe in the adage that "in Union there is strength." One tenement building on 27th street contains 250 families, 750 people in all.

Manager and Mrs. Flora Batson Bergen and Mr. W. I. Powell are now at Salt Lake, Utah, where they sing in the great Mormon Temple. They will spend the early fall in California.

A colored man named W. H. Davis was appointed postal clerk between Lynchburg and Pocahontas, Va.; but he was refused recognition by one Democrat and two Republicans. Mr. Davis is waiting further orders.

A crack drum corp of Clarkville, Tenn., under the leadership of Capt. Daniel E. Washington, will celebrate the Emancipation on the 8th of Aug. This orgnization has reached a high state of excellence under its present captain.

Some of our leading men occassionally forget their dignity and in their hunger for office accept places which are not at all commensurate with their standing or ability. Hon. T. A, Sykes, a former member of the legislature has recently been appointed janitor of the custom house at Nashville.

Rev. Frank Carter, of Fort Smith, Ark., is in litigation with the whites of that place. He began building a church and it was about half finished. The whites objected to it on the ground that they could'nt stand the singing of the colored people. The courts will soon decide whether they can stand it or not.

Lewis H. Douglass, son of Frederick Douglass, has been appointed a Notary Public for the District of Columbia, by President Harrison. There are two or three more of the Douglass family to be provided for and then other colored men will stand a chance. Perhaps Fred has some white relatives—on his wife's side—who wish office.—Cleveland Gazette.

A cotton chopper invented by Taylor Belton and J. H. Johnson, of Camden, S. C., is said to be quite a success. Belton seems to be quite an inventive genious. He has also invented a perpetual pump, which is a very near approach to the famous perpetual motion machine. The machine is arranged and placed in a well and will pump water until stopped.

THE NEGRO IN NEW YORK CITY.

There are about 15 colored teachers retained in the schools, the separate schools having been abolished by act of the legislature. The pupils attending the schools conducted by the colored teachers are largely colored, the whites in some way managing to get transfers to other buildings. The colored population is concentrated between 6th and 8th avenues, beginning at 24th and extending as high as 33rd street. In one building on 27th street are 250 families averaging 3 to the family, making 750 people living in one building. The Negro vote in this, the 11th Assembly District, is very formidable, yet no Negro has ever sat in the municipal or State legislature. Lack of unity and money has kept them out; only by appointment do they get recognition. It can not be said that good material is wanting because one comes in contact with very many highly educated and intelligent Negroes—men who are qualified for almost any good position.—Ex.

How to "Hustle."

Housekeeper (in Kansas City)—"I don't want nothin'."

Peddler—"I am not anxious to sell. I only stopped to remark that Chicago, where I've been peddlin', can't hold a candle to Kansas City."

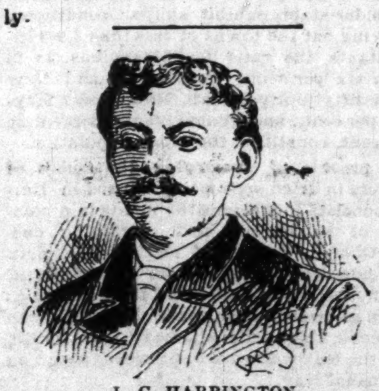
"Don't believe it kin."

"No indeed, mum; Chicago is goin' to the dogs fast. People there are awful poor, while in Kansas City I find everybody is just rollin' in wealth, and real estate's a boomin'. Fast trains from Kansas City to New York won't stop at Chicago in another year."

"What have you got to sell?"

"Soap. Something new. Only $1 a cake."

"I'll take two."—New York Weekly.



L. C. HARRINGTON,
Greenville, Miss.

Ready for Business.

Minneapolis Tribune.

Nineteen young men graduated in journalism at Cornell University the other day. They are now prepared to copy real estate transfers and building permits in the highest style of the art journalistic.

CHURCH
HOLY BIBLE
FREEMAN

There are 75,000 colored Catholics in the diocese of Louisiana.

The cry is heard all over the land that jack-leg preachers are multiplying and should be suppressed.

Rev. A. A. Price, formerly pastor of Simpson Chapel, is conducting a revival in in this city among the Baptists.

Rev. J. W. Carr, pastor of the 2nd. Baptist church, has returned from a pleasant jaunt to Paris, Ill., and Maysville, Ky.

Rev. J. W. Riley, of the 9th Presbyterian church, will have a special sermon Sunday, and the public generally is invited. The morning services are always interesting and largely attended.

The churches which we would suppose would take a lead in suppressing picnics and excursions are doing everything in their power to encourage them. Not a Sunday or a week but what some church in this city takes out "the largest excursion of the season."

The Rev. G. C. Rowe, Mr. Herron and two others, were ejected from the first class car on the Georgia railroad last week, and hustled into a car used for "Colored" people, baggage and chickens. The case will go before the Inter State Commerce Commission.

The colored press suspends judgement in the Payne-Derrick contest until the latter shall have replied to the former's charges. However, Bishop Payne's protest is read with regret; yet the charges must be disproved before he can be justly censured for making them.—Ex.

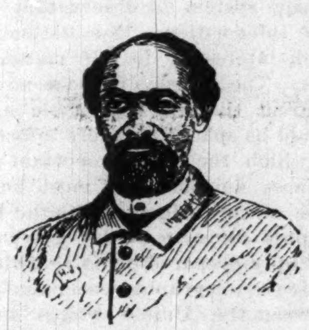
A colored student applied for admission to St. Mary's Catholic Seminary. The application was referred to the seminarians, 150 young white men, and without a dissenting voice he was admitted. When Cardinal Gibbons heard it, he exclaimed: "I rejoice with all my heart. If one of the seminarians had voted against the colored youth, I would have hung my head in shame."

THE ST. LOUIS NEWS.

Bishop Lomax Honored----Church Notes.

St. Louis (Mo) Special to The Freeman.

One of the largest crowds and grandest entertainments ever given under the administration of the Rev. J. C. Temple, pastor of Washington Chapel, was held at that church in honor of the Rt. Rev T. H. Lomax, D. D. The Bishop was escorted to the rostrum at 8 o'clock p. m, by the Revs. Jackson, Walker and Donohoo. The exercises of the evening were opened by prayer, after which the choir rendered some excellent selections. A short, but able, welcome address was delivered by the Rev. J. C. Temple. The Rev. S. Claborne, P. E., being in the city, composed for the occasion a very touching piece of poetry arranged alphabetically. The Bishop was then introduced to the large audience, and was received with great applause. His address was an eloquent one and was often interfered with by the cheers of the assemblage. Bishop T. H. Lomax is one of the most intellectual Bishops in the A. M. E. Zion Church. and is second to none of our race. His visit to this great metropolis of the West is for the purpose of inspecting the religious and financial condition of the churches of his denomination. He is of a genial disposition and is much esteemed by all who know him. After the closing anthem was sung the distinguished guest was invited to the lecture room, which was beautifully decorated, whese all the delicacies were served. The visit will long be remembered by the church and also by the Bishop. He preached Sunday evening to a crowded house.



The United Brotherhood of Friendship will celebrate their Twenty-ninth Annual Anniversary in the month of August in St. Louis by giving excursions and for the development of the Order their custom will be carried out in every land, town and city where they exist.

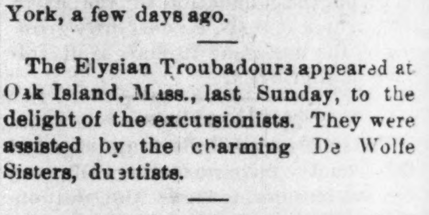
The dedication of a new hall to the solemn purposes of the U. B. F.'s took place in this city on the 17th by St. Louis Young Men's Lodge No. 15—the second dedication that has taken place in this community for 15 or 20 years.

A VISIT TO NEWPORT, R. I.

The season among the hotels is very dull in this city but the villas are nearly all occupied. The life among the colored population is quite growing. On Wednesday evening of last week the Third Anniversary and Reception of the Newport Musical and Beneficial Association took place at the Odd Fellows Hall. There were about 150 merry dancers attired in cool summer apparel, the gentlemen wearing the customary evening dress suit. The dance order which was very nicely arranged consisted of 20 numbers. Supper was served by Caterer George Seaforth. Exquisite music was rendered by the New Hampshire, Orchesta; Chas. S. Johnson, prompter. The grand march was led by Mr. C. S. Johnson and Miss Alice Snowden. There were guests present from Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. The affair was one of the finest that has ever been at the "city-by-the sea" and the officers deserve a great deal of credit. C. S. Johnson. Chairman; F. P. White, Secy., W. Riley, Jr., C. S. Rice, F. Rice, L. Smith, C. C. Easton, H. W. Cooper, Frank Boardly, Dan Cooper, Fred Burton, Jas. A. Harris, floor managers, F. P. White, C. C. Easton, Aids. The Freeman representative was royaly entertained by Chairman, Johnson.

Rev. J. W. Jenifer. D. D., pastor of Tonro Chapel is becoming very popular in this city.

The Freeman is fast growing in favor here.



"The White Elephant," which was produced for the first time at the Bijou Theater, New York, was severely criticised by the local press.

Judge Crusoe, an old minstrel favorite, will appear at Music Hall, Newport, R. I., Aug. 6.

The Dickerson Quartette, of New York, composed of the following members: Mme. E. A. Jiminez, soprano; Mme. R. Robinson, alto; S. P. Thompson, tenor; Fred Savage, baritone; will appear on the same occasion.

A. D. Sawyer, former partner of C. B. Hicks, of minstrel fame, was robbed of a diamond pin valued at $85 in New York, a few days ago.

The Elysian Troubadours appeared at Oak Island, Mass., last Sunday, to the delight of the excursionists. They were assisted by the charming De Wolfe Sisters, duettists.

A quartette has lately been organized in Providence. R. I., known as the East India Quartette. The following are the members. Alex. B. Parker, tenor; D. B. Parker, soprano; E. S. Brown, baritone; W. R Brown, basso. They will take the road in the fall.

The Twilight Banjo and Guitar Quartette will assist B. F. Lightfoot, in a recital to be given at Town Hall, Jamestown, R. I., next Monday evening. This Quartette is composed of E. S. Brown, J. H. Barnett, banjoists; W. J. Brown, J. P. Easton, guitarists. They have a suite of nicely furnished rooms at 217 North Main street, Providence, R I.

I noticed an article in one of our contemporaries not long since stating that Charley Hunn was engaged for the Howard Atheneaum Company for next season at a salary of $125 per week. This may be true enough, but in looking over the list of artists engaged I fail to find Charley's name.

Wilson Barrett is to return to this country next season for a tour.

STAGE.

Mistaken in the Symptoms.

A railroad man, occupying a responsible position on one of our great lines, according to a western contemporary, was riding on a train when a collision happened and his car was knocked into smithereens. He was picked up as one dead and was stretched out in some convenient place to await the arrival of the doctors to officially pronounce upon his condition. By and by a physician bustled up, looked at his prostrate, motionless form and pallid face, and said:

"That poor fellow's a goner, I guess."

Then he kneeled down, lifted up an eyelid, and saw a dull expressionless orb.

"Yes, he's dead fast enough; take him away!" exclaimed the doctor.

The supposed corpse suddenly began to move its lips. The startled surgeon listened, and this is what he heard:

"You blanked old fool, that's my glass eye."—Philadelphia Times.

THE HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

[Continued from the first page.]

the principle upon which it was founded; and this liberality extends to the faculty as well as the students. Her criterion is fitness, not color, as shown by the able colored men and women whom she has from time to time employed. This mixed character of the Faculty has never been the occasion of the least element of discord. The colored professor holds the same rank, receives the same salary, commands the same respect, shoulders the same duties and responsibilities as his white associates. This is not mentioned as any evidence of merit in Howard University. It is simply a matter of right and equity; but we all know that there are institutions where the colored teachers either are not permitted the same rights and privileges as those of Anglo-Saxon blood, or are afraid to exercise them.

No teacher in Howard University was ever more beloved and revered, by faculty and students, both as a noble example of a high type of womanhood, and as an educator of wonderful ability than was the late Miss Briggs, principal of the normal department of that institution, and a colored woman. The tribute paid her at the funeral exercises by President Patton is said by one who was present to have been the most eloquent he had heard from the lips of man; and, on the following Sunday, Dr. Shippen, of the Unitarian church, spoke to his congregation on the "Death of John Bright and Martha B. Briggs."

As Howard University makes no distinction with regard to race or color, so she makes none as to sex. In every department the woman has the same privileges and opportunities as the man.

Unlike many others this institution is not a new convert to co-education. It was one of the principles of her very foundation; all her buildings were erected, all her plans laid with reference to educating together the sons and daughters of the people. She is, therefore, better fitted to receive and train young people of both sexes than schools where co-education has but recently been adopted and where the system is, as yet, little more than an experiment.

Another evidence of the liberality of Howard may be seen in the fact that, though a Christian institution, with a theological department, she is strictly undenominational. The teachers in the several departments, the theological included, are connected with various Christian churches; and that department is itself in part supported by religious bodies of differing creeds. No embarrasment or inconvenience has ever been found to result from this arrangement. The grand truths of the Bible and the fundamental principles of Christianity are found by no means inconsistent with a generous tolerance of particular denominational beliefs.

While the school seeks to throw about its students the best moral and spiritual influences, the utmos freedom is encouraged in matters of faith.

Outside of its superior standard of scholarship, its high moral and Christian character, the Catholicism of its principles, its handsome and commodious buildings, its extensive library and liberal equipment of teaching aparatus, Howard University offers an advantage peculiar to its location.

It is situated in the District of Columbia, just far enough outside of the city of Washingto to possess the calm and quiet favorable to student life, and yet convienient of access to the city, and near enough to enjoy all its advantages.

It is something of an education in itself to live in a place like Washington. The very atmosphere is conducive to intellectual life. One necessarily imbibes much without effort. What then may not the student gain when he cultivates every opportunity for improvement?

The Congressional Library, the National Museum, the Corcoean Art Gallery, together with opportunity to attend the debates of Congress and to visit the various departments of government, are all means of developement for the wide awake and ambitious.

We would not omit another advantage, different in kind but of vast importance to the average colored student who is dependent, to some extent, at least, upon his own exertions to secure an education.

It is the opportunity of which many have from time to time availed themselves of working at some employment, outside of school hours, and so earning means of self support while in school. A large majority of the professional students are young men who are employed during the day as government clerks; the lectures in the medical and law departments being, like those of the other professional schools in the District, given at night for the accommodation of this class.

Of course our young people are not to infer that one has but to present application in order to secure a departmental position. We mention this simply as a way in which some of the students support themselves which pursuing their course of study; there are various other avenues of self help open to willing and industrious youths.

Worthy students are helped as far as the University is able, and it is to be regretted that there is not a larger fund to devote to scholarship.

Perhaps, after all, an institution is best to be judged by the records of its graduates. The rank they take in life goes far to show the work done in the school room. Let us hear how the Alumni of Howard speak for their alma mater:

Three of the graduates of the college department are now employed in the institution—James M. Gregory as professor of Latin: George Wm. Cook as principal of the normal department and Stuart D. Fowler as tutor. Others have from time to time been employed, prominent among whom was Wiley Lane, professor of Greek at the date of his death.

Wm. J. Simmons is President of the Baptist Normal and Theological Institute, Louisville, Ky., and editor of "Our Women and Children." Turman J. Shadd (also graduate of the Medical School) holds the position of Resident Physician in the Freedman's Hospital, Washington, D. C. R. T. Moss is employed as principal of one of the public schools, Washington, D. C. Wm. G. Sears occupies the chair of History and English Literature in Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City, Mo.

Several graduates of the normal department are employed as teachers in the public schools of Washington, and they take rank among the first in faithfulness and efficiency. Others are successfully pursuing their vocation in various States.

The graduates of the theological department are widely distributed as pastors and missionaries. Robert F. Wheeler is pastor of a Congregational church, Brooklyn, N. Y. W. V. L. Tunnell, of an Episcopal church in the same city. Phillip F. Morris is pastor of the First Baptist church, Lynchburg, Va. Jerrett E. Edwards has charge of a Methodist church in Waco, Texas. W. Frasies is engaged in the missionary in Africa.

Among the graduates of the medical department who practice their profession in Washington, D. C., are Mary A. Parsons, S. R. Watts, Sidney A. Sombey, Mary Morrison, and B. B. Adams. Edward A. Ballock is retained in the medical school as demonstrator of Anatomy. M. Revedy Hall practices medicine in Baltimore, Md. J. H. Roberts in Liberia, Africa, Wm. D. Crum in Charleston, S. C., Sam'l. S. H. Washington in Birmingham, Ala., Richard F. Tancil in Alexandria, Va. and S. H. Dasmond in Richmond, Va.

James H. Smith is retained in the law school as lecturer on law and evidence.

O. S. B. Wall, T. B. Warwick and Emma L. Gillette practice law in the District of Columbia.

John. H. Smythe, ex-minister to Liberia, Africa, is a real estate agent in Washington, D. C.

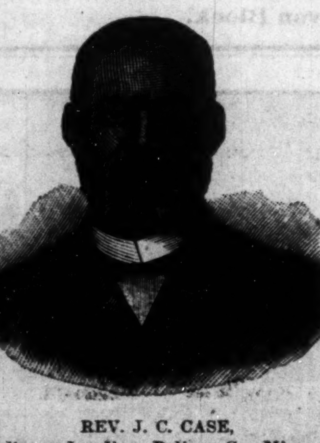
D. A. Straker practices his profession in Detroit, Mich., James H. Hayes in Richmond, Va., Jos. E. Lee in Jacksonville, Fla. and Jos. S. Davis in Baltimore, Md.

These are but a few of the many engaged in work creditable alike to themselves and to their alma mater.

The opinion seems prevalent that Howard University is supported by Congress. She has for several years been the recipient of an annual appropriation from Congress as the Hampton School is from the State of Virginia, and the Atlanta University from Georgia; but she is largely dependent upon contributions from private sources. A scholarship fund is the great desideratum.

It is hoped that generous minded philanthropists will feel moved to supply this want. Let those who give cease to require the students helped to be preparing for the ministry. This is the result of a mistaken idea. The colored people have need of an educated ministry, but they have need also of educated men in other walks of life. They need, too, to have educated women in the homes; for educate the men and leave the women ignorant, and you have done nothing towards advancement.

This article is not designed to furnish detailed information of Howard University; that can be obtained by writing the Secretary, Mr. J. B. Johnson, for catalogue. The aim is to give the public a general knowledge of the scope and purpose of an institution the best of its kind, and one fully deserving the most liberal patronage and support. The writer will be content if what has been said tend to secure for the school even a small part of what it merits in this respect.



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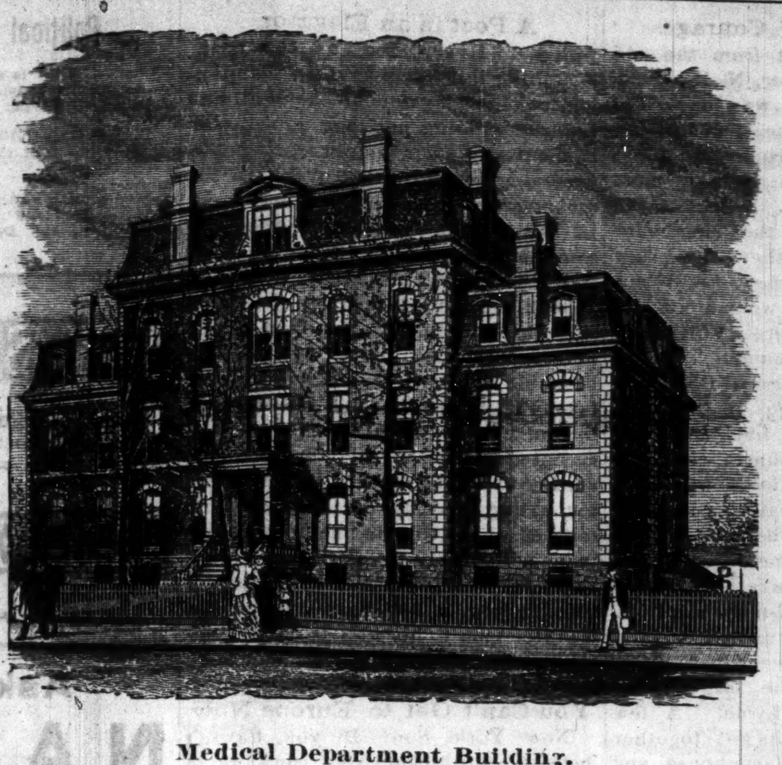

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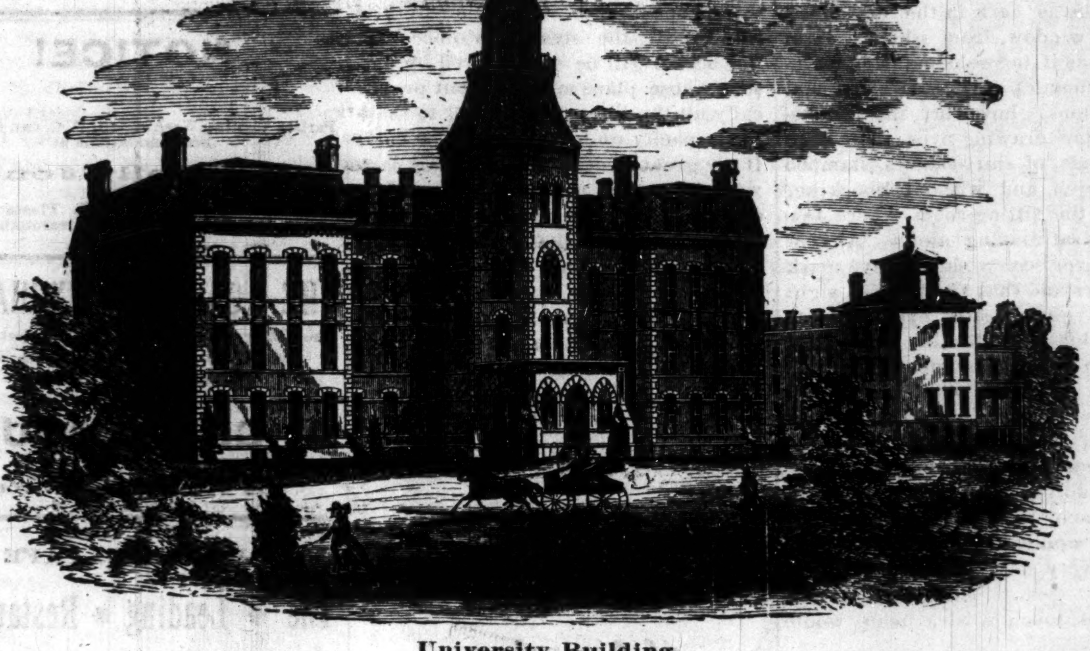

University Building.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The value of a thing depends on the use of it.

Honesty is better capital than a sharper's cunning.

A true man never frets about his place in the world.

"Never spend your money without you have it." We never do.

The scissors grinder is the only man who invariably finds things dull.

Eternal vigilance enables a man to carry the same umbrella for years.

The man who attempts to beard the lion in his den is apt to have a close shave.

Authority is like dried apples. A few cents' worth will puff a small man up astonishingly.

Fred Douglass was too big a man to accept so small an appointment as the Haytian mission.

"Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly." Except slapping at a mosquito and missing him.

Smart attorney—"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear on that particular occasion?" Witness—"The close of day, I presume."—Omaha World.

The colored population of Louisiana largely outnumbers the whites, yet the colored people have only one-half the number of schools and their teachers are not paid near as good wages.

Mr. J. W. Henderson, author of "The Colored Man and the Ballot," has been appointed to a position in the Interior Department at Washington, D. C. Mr. Henderson is an enterprising young man, and is very creditable publication. We are pleased to note his appointment.—State Capital.

Mr. Henderson collected a good many subscriptions for The Freeman at St. Louis and elsewhere, which he neglected to turn in. He would be pleased to hear from Mr. Henderson about now.

GEOGRAPHY OF INDIANA.

Astonishing Discrepancies in Common School Books.

Indianapolis News.

State Librarian Dunn has been engaged for several days in the preparation of the geography of Indiana for the new school book series, and in the course of his labors has made some interesting discoveries concerning geography "as she is taught" in the public schools.

"I should call the geographies in use variegated," he says. "There is a diversity in the information given in the various authorities used that is only equaled by the lack of information that ought to be given."

"What geographies have you examined?"

"The Complete Geography of Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co.'s Eclectic series; Butler's Complete Geography, Harper's School Geography, and Swinton's Grammar School Geography. The Eclectic series is the standard of excellence for the new books, but Butler is preferred in several respects by the State Board of Education, and is, in fact, the best of them. Swinton is used in Indianapolis."

"Will you mention some of the discrepancies to which you refer?"

"To begin with, take the area of the State. All of them give it 36,350 square miles, except Butler, and he gives it 35,910. In reality his figures represent the land area, and the discrepaney is due to the fact that legally Indiana extends ten miles out into Lake Michigan; but Butler's statement is the one that should be taught, because it is what is used in all statistical computations, and unless it is used there will be a difference of over 280,000 acres between the area and the acreage.

"Van Antwerp and Swinton give Weed Patch Hill, in Brown county, as the highest point in the State; Butler gives the table land 'in Randolph county,' and Harper is silent. Butler is correct, only he gives the elevation of the table land as 1,300 feet above the sea level, whereas its average elevation is about 1,150 feet and its highest point is estimated at 1,285 feet. This is a matter of considerable importance, as his table land is the initial point of the drainage systems of the State.

"None of the books give any statement of the aggregate product of agriculture, which is the chief industry of the State, and Swinton gives no figures for the principal products. Van Antwerp and Harper give the corn product at 115,000,000 bushels and Butler at 75,000,000 bushels. The crops vary from year to year, and for uniformity it is best to use the latest census report. By the census of 1880, 115,000,000 is correct. Butler and Harper give the wheat product at 32,000,000, and Van Antwerp 47,000,000, the latter being correct. Butler gives no further statistics. Harper gives the oats product at 25,000,000 and Van Antwerp at 16,000,000, which is correct for 1880. Butler and Swinton do not give the product of manufacture at all, and none of them give anything to show the relation of the product of manufacture to the raw material consumed. Harper gives the annual product of manufacture at $185,000,000 and Van Antwerp $148,000,000. The latter sum is correct for 1880, and as Harper's book was copyrighted in 1876, they must have been expecting time to justify their statement in the distant future."

"Do these geographies give any history of the State?"

"Yes; that is one of the features. Butler does not give the date of the first visit of white men to the State, but the others give 1670, which is correct. Harper and Swinton state that the State was explored at this time, and that the exploration was from the great lakes, both of which statements are incorrect. Van Antwerp properly says that La Salle descended the Ohio River in that year. None of them mention the exploration of Indiana by La Salle, which occurred in 1682 83. Harper puts the settlement of Vincennes in 1690, Swinton and Butler in 1702, and Van Antwerp says there were three posts established before 1719. Post Vincennes, the first permanent settlement, was established in 1727. None of them mention the founder of Vincennes except Butler, and he calls him 'General de Vinsenne.' This is a new character in Indiana history, and it is a fair illustration of the wild work that is commonly wrought with the names of our French predecessors. Vincennes is a title, referring to one of the fiefs of the inferior nobility of Canada. Francois Morgan, the Sieur de Vincennes, who established our earliest permanent post, never rose above the rank of Captain."

"Is the later history more accurate?"

"No. The beginning of the history of this part of the country, as connected with the United States, was its conquest by General George Rogers Clark. Butler Harper and Swinton make no mention of this at all, and Van Antwerp gives the date of the surrender as 1778, which is a year too early. This is one of the most important points in our history for it was by this conquest that Indiana was brought into possession of the United States. The next prominent point in our history is the provision for the government of the Northwest Territory by the famous ordinance of 1787. Butler and Swinton locate this in 1778, and Swinton refers to the 'ordinance of 1789' in quotation marks. The most extraordinary thing about the historical department, however, is the treatment of the present constitution of the State. Neither Van Antwerp, Harper or Swinton give any intimation that we ever had a constitution, beyond the statement that Indiana was admitted into the Union in 1816. Butler mentions our two constitutions, but says the second one was adopted in 1856. If State history is to be taught at all, one would think it desirable that the children should learn that the constitution under which they are living was adopted in 1851, but they would be a long time learning it from these books. In fact, I am informed by several teachers to whom I have talked, that it is customary for well-informed teachers to give instruction outside the text books in order to remedy the defects. One teacher assured me that fully one-half of the instruction in geography is information obtained from outside sources."

"Is not this due to the small size of the books?"

"It is to some extent. Of course you can not make an encyclopedia of a school book. But on the other hand a great deal of geographical information could be profitably introduced in the place of numerous glittering generalities, and some absolute rot, that is introduced. For instance, here is the discussion of the population in one of the books: 'Indiana has been inhabited and controlled by the peeple of four nations. First were the Mound Builders; second, the Indians; third, the French; fourth, the present population.' Now, I know of no reason why either the Mound Builders or the Indians or the present population should be called a nation. The French will do well enough, but what is the occasion for omitting the English, who controlled Indiana just as much as the French? The sum total of useful information in this statement is that the present population inhabit and control Indiana, which will probably be conceded, but the amount of the population, its percentage of illiteracy, or any other fact that a person might have some occasion to use, does not appear."

Queer Estimates of Crime.

New York World.

Yesterday afternoon, in one of the lower court-rooms of the brown-stone building in the City Hall Park where justice is dealt out to the offending, a well dressed, healthy-looking man stood up for sentence, having entered a plea of guilty. The prisoner was Charles I. De Baun, the defaulting cashier of the Park National Bank, who was brought back to New York after having escaped to Canada.

Judge Martine was the dispenser of justice in this case. In pronouncing the sentence the Judge remarked that De Baun was a man of education, that he had enjoyed excellent associations, that his employers had trusted him implicitly and that for ten years he had deliberately robbed them and become a forger "premeditatedly and with malice aforethought." So he sentenced the offender for five years and six months to State prison, which, with commutation for good conduct, means a trifle over three years' incarceration. De Baun stole $95,000.

While this was going on, August Goldstein, a poor man, evidently of little education, was receiving his sentence in one of the upper court rooms for the theft of a suit of clothes worth, or said to be worth, $30. He was sent to Sing Sing for three years and six months.

A few days ago Frank Templeman was found guilty of having made a false charge against the District Attorney and Chief Byrnes in order to squeeze some money out of Accounts. He was promptly forwarded to Sing Sing for three years and nine months. This is the schedule of justice:

Offender.	Crime.	Sentence.
C. L. De Baun...	Forgery and stealing $95,000.	5 years 6 mos.
A. Goldstein.....	Stealing suit of clothes, $30.	3 years 6 mos.
F. Templeman...	Attempt Stealing $0,000.	3 years 9 mos.

In these cases can it be said that "the punishment fits the crime?" Cannot Justice arrange a crime schedule for the benefit of some of our Judges?

Lepers in India.

"I do not think," said a man who has passed a quarter of a century in India, "that the report of the d at of a brigadier-general of the English army in Hindoostan of leprosy is to be relied upon. I suppose there are many kinds of leprosy, and some of it, like the disease spoken of in the Bible, may be very infectious. Certainly Father Damien died of leprosy in Molokai, communicated to him by the lepers around him. But lepers are very common in India, especially in the central and northwestern, and, though every one tries to keep them as far from him as possible, nobody has the slightest fear of being inoculated with the disorder. It seems to be almost entirely confined to the natives, and they usually make their living by it. They are all beggars and ride about on small ponies soliciting alms.

"The doors of the Indian bungalows are always open, and when a sahib looks up from his breakfast and sees one of these horsemen sitting in his saddle, almost naked and looking indescribably wretched as he holds out his hand in silent supplication, he is apt to be willing to part with a coin to induce his unwelcome visitor to move on. In fact, the leper won't go until he receives something. He might, I suppose, be driven away with a stick, but nobody cares to flagellate him and he makes a good deal of money. I never saw a white man with the disease though I believe there are a few isolated cases. It is not necessarily fatal, and lepers who looked as though they must soon die of old age have told me that they were born with it."

Lord Tennyson is writing a thousand dollar poem for an English magazine, thus beating his famous charge by four hundred.

IN A TIGER'S DEN.

Exciting Adventure of a Party of Hunters in a Chinese Wilderness.

A huge tiger was killed near Amoy in March last, the hut being marked by a number of exciting features, says a Shanghai (China) letter to the New York Herald. The hunting party consisted of Messrs Cullinson, Des Vœux, Harding, and Leyburn, and and eight native hunters, the latter armed only with spears and torches. They were out several days, beating many ravines unsuccessfully and finding only tracks and traces of tigers. Then they reached a place where Leyburn had shot a tiger a year before, wounding him severely but failing to secure him. The following account by one of the party refers to the same den in the rocks to which the wounded beast retreated:

"It cleared up about breakfast time and we proceeded leisurely to the cars about 11 o'clock. Cullinson took 'Allen's rock,' Des Vœux 'Harding's rock,' and Leyburn and I placed ourselves near the 'bridge entrance.' The native hunters went in below the bridge. From the marks they made out that a tiger had been laying down below the bridge, but had shifted higher up

"After they had been in half an hour some of them came out much excited and said they had 'cornered' a big tiger. A few remained in the cave holding torches in the beast's face while the rest carried in bundles of brushwood and gradually built him in. This 'building in' took a long time and consisted in closing up with brushwood all the holes by which the tiger could charge.

"Then we were invited to waltz in and kill the beast. I must say that I did not feel a bit inclined for this part of the program, but old Quartermain (Leyburn) was right on it and after much discussion in we went. We went down into the cave from the bridge enterance by a ladder about 12 feet long and we scrambled on, mostly on hands and knees, for about thirty yards, lighted by torches. It was very wet and muddy and the atmosphere was stuffy and ill-smelling.

"At last we got to where the tiger was built in and the first thing we saw was the skull and bones of the old tiger Leyburn had killed at the bridge entrance in January 1888. In front of us were two piles of brushwood closing the two holes, behind which was the live tiger.

"Leybrun scrambled and was pushed up a bit of a slippery, sloping rock, and then one of the hunters removed a fagot and Leyburn found a big tiger with his head about five feet from him looking dazed at the glare of the torches. He aimed as well as he could by the uncertain light between his eyes and fired, knocking the beast down.

"The hunter instantly replaced the fagot and we heard the tiger roaring and scuffling about behind the brushwood. In a minute or so all was quiet and we all waited and listened and could hear the brute breathing heavily.

"We had to crouch behind the brushwood nearly an hour before the hunters ventured to peep in over it. Then they began a cautious investigation, removing a little brushwood, looking in and then quickly replacing the brushwood. At length they seemed satisfied that the tiger was not killed, but had gone on. They took down part of the brushwood and rushed in with torches and spears, we following as well as we could.

"After moving about ten yards we came up to two more holes or passages, and the men shouted that they could see the tiger. I was hoisted up on a nearly perpendicular rock and saw a yellow head about five feet below my right hand. I fired into the center of it, and as soon as the smoke cleared the beast appeared about five feet above my right hand, so I could nearly touch him with the barrels of my guns. He was close to a hole a little to my right, where Leyburn and Quilp (two of the hunters) were standing.

"I fired into his neck this time and dropped him, and he fell with his ear close to me, and as he still moved I fired into him right beyond the ear, finishing him off.

"Leyburn's shot had gone in above the nose, knocking his head about awfully, and my first shot had entered about three inches below the eye, and yet with these two awful wounds in the head from bullets he had managed to move about.

"The atmosphere in the cave was by this time simply suffocating and we were glad enough to get out, after being in there an hour and a half. All the men came out and had food before dragging the beast out. He was a very heavy built tiger, measuring eight feet ten and a half inches as he lay, his skin two days after measuring eleven feet three inches. We had a triumphal procession back to the boat, but managed to keep the natives off, and then began the grewsome operation of skinning.

New French War Vessels.

A steel cruiser named the Lalande has just been launched from the Chantiers de la Gironde, at Bordeaux. The Lalande is 316 feet 8 inches long by 31 feet 8 inches beam. Her displacement is 1,877 tons, and her average draught of water is 16 feet 8 inches. Her engines, which were furnished by the Creusot Works, will work up to 6,000 horse power with forced draught, and when the engines are making 140 revolutions per minute it is expected that the ship will attain a speed of 19½ knots per hour. The Lalande will carry nine guns, of which three will be quick-firing and four revolvers. A torpedo cruiser named the Vautour has been launched at Toulon. Her hull, which is of steel, measures 226 feet 8 inches between perpendiculars. Here engines are to work up to 3,200 horse bower, and she is expected to attain a speed of 20 knots. The Vautour will be fitted with four tance torpedo tubes and two Hotchkiss guns of long range. The Forbin cruises has just made her trial trip. The average speed on the measured mile was 19½ miles per hour.

A Romance of Courage.

A few miles distant from the old college town of Hanover, N. H., there is a farm-house that was once the scene of a midnight fracas, in which a pretty girl was the heroine, and a set of Dartmouth college boys a most amazed crowd. As it happens, the girl is now married to the ringleader in that escapade and they live very happily in a great city near the Atlantic coast, so the young woman must be called Jennie Smith merely to indicate that that was not her name.

It was in the autumn of 188—that the Dartmouth college sophomores, having got over being freshmen, decided that the new freshmen were rising above their places in a way that was intolerable, and that a concreted system of hazing must be inaugurated to even up things. One of their chief objects of sophomoric wrath was Gilbert Smith, a big, good-natured fellow, who calmly refused to recognize in a sophomore anything superhuman. This Smith lived in the large farmhouse on the road to Lyme. A few of the more daring sophs got together and voted to raid the farm-house and instruct Smith a little.

It was a black, chilly night when the band of regulators crept up the Lyme road toward the Smith farmhouse. It was dark in the house, except one window, from which a light gleamed, as if to welcome friends instead of enemies. With no particular compunctions, however, the sophomores, after drawing over their head masks made of shirt-sleeves, stamped up the porch, and without knocking, filed into the sitting-room where Jennie Smith sat reading alone. Anyone who has ever seen a shirt-sleeve mask will understand that the fiendish sight made the girl's pretty eyes fill with terror. But while asking what they wanted in as steady a tone as she could command, she knew what the answer would be.

"Where's your brother Gil?" was the gruff chorus.

"What do you want him for?"

"To teach him better manners," came the sepulchral reply.

"He is very sick in the next room," said the girl, pleadingly. "You would not touch a sick man, would you?"

Had the expletive "Rats!" then been invented the students would have used it unanimously. As it was, they in various other ways expressed their conviction that the sickness was an invention to shield the big freshman, and they proceeded toward the chamber door with evident intention of opening it.

The young girl, with blazing cheeks and flashing eyes, went over to the door and stood there to bar the way.

"Stop!" she commanded, with both arms uplifted as if to ward off the whole world from the sick man within.

The students, still disbelieving the story of illness, though thoroughly admired her bravery, pressed a little nearer, and one made as if to open the door. Quick as a flash the girl caught a big cavalry saber from the wall where it hung and lunged savagely at the masked figures. This time they fell back, but not before the cloth over the face of the foremost was dyed with blood from a cut in the cheek. This ended the hazing, for the boys valiantly begged her pardon and marched back to Hanover lost in admiration.

The husband of Jennie Smith, who was not Jennie Smith, wears a saber mark on his cheek to-day.—New York Press.

The Care of Babies' Eyes.

The number of children who wear spectacles has become a serious subject of remark. That a radical wrong exists somewhere, when children only four years of age are thus hampered for life, is only too palpable, but whose the blame and what's the remedy for this evidently increasing affliction? Are future generations to be sans eyes as well as sans teeth? No one impresses the necessity of care in the management of eyes until the damage is done, and then it is too late. Young mothers who cover the baby's face with a vail, or who wear spotted lace against their own eyes, and who allow their children to read by insufficient light, are laying up trouble for themselves, though oculist and optician will be better off for their criminal ignorance. As to the school rooms, where children spend so many hours of the day, do parents ever ask or know how they are lighted and whether the scholars face windows, and whether they are obliged to strain their eyes by blackboard exercises in half lights. A little precaution in the use of the eyes and some knowledge on the subject of improper lighting would be a pound of cure in this matter of spectacles.—Boston Herald.

Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

"You've been cashier at this concern nearly twelve years, Mr. Cashup?" said the president, who was feeling benignly good natured. "Twelve years," said Mr. Cashup, his heart beating with thoughts of a raise. "And yet," said the president, "you have never once run off to Canada with the funds? Haw, haw!" Mr. Cashup, whose pulse sinks to the normal as he recognizes the annual joke—"No, sir; it's been mighty hard grubbing to get away with $18 every Saturday; I think it would be all my life is worth to try to get away with any more." Is dismissed on the spot for impudence.—Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Poet in an Elevator.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, is nothing if not democratic. Happening into the elevator of the Mail and Express building not long ago I was momentarily surprised at seeing the venerable poet with the cover of a tin dinner-pail on his lap, eating some Irish stew. It seems that the poet came into the elevator when the conductor was eating his midday meal. In answer to some jocose remark from the man of letters the elevator man asked his distinguished passenger whether he would not share his plain fare. "It is only Irish stew," added the man of brawn. To his astonishment the poet accepted and for twenty minutes Stoddard rode up and down with the elevator, eating heartily of the stew and talking all the time in the interesting manner that only Stoddard can. I was reminded of this incident by the poet's introduction a few days ago of the elevator man to his wife as "the gentleman with whom I sometimes dine."

You Can't Get to Europe Now.

New York Sun: If you haven't bought your ticket you can't go to Europe this season before midsummer. The transportation facilities are greater than ever before, but the craze for European travel beats anything ever known. The same story is told at all the steamship offices. A few berths will be surrendered by persons whose plans miscarry, but practically all the lines are booked to their full capacity up to the middle of July. If the great fleet which will sail eastward from this port in June could be doubled in number and capacity every boat would carry its full complement of passengers. The rush lasts from the middle of May until about July 10. Then it suddenly stops and sets in in the opposite direction about two weeks later. All the accommodations on the favorite boats are engaged for the return trips between the middle of August and the middle of October.

History

Of the Negro Race of America.

FROM 1619 TO 1881.

Negroes as Slaves, as Soldiers and as Citizens.

Together with a preliminary consideration of the Unity of the Human Family, and Historical Sketch of Africa, and an account of the Negro Government of Sierre Leone and Liberia, by George W. Williams, first colored member of the Ohio Legislature and late Judge Advocate of the G. A. R. of Ohio.

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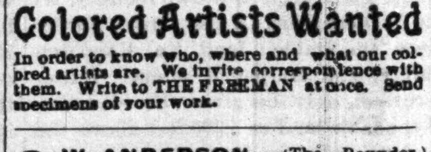

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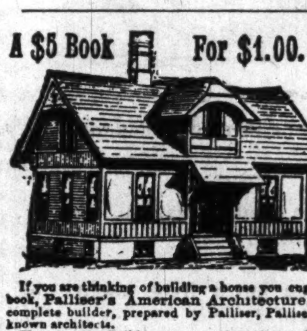

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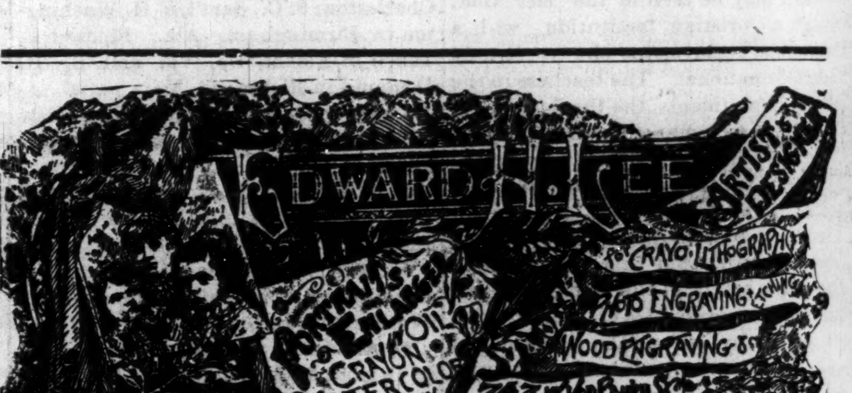

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Agents Wanted. 743 W. VanBuren St.
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Stop at the corner of Illinois and North streets for Drugs, Medicines, Soaps, Perfumes and Fine Toilet Articles. A fine line of Cigars, Tobacco and Stationary always on hand. Try our Ice Cream Soda. Prescriptions carefully compounded Give us a call. Telephone 714.

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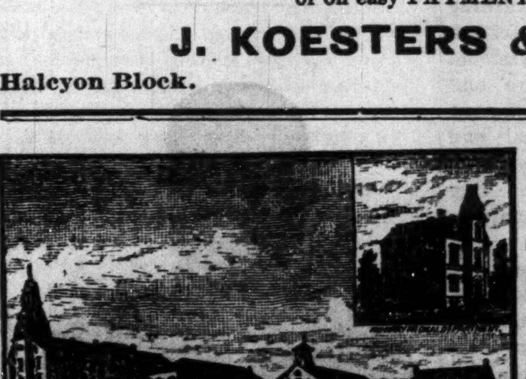

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DINNER DECORARTIONS.

The Layout at the First Grand Dinner Party This Season at Newport.

Here are the decorations of the first grand dinner party of this season at Newport, which were enormously admired and will be frequently copied before the season is over, says the New York World: The tablecloth was entirely of Chartreuse-green silk, which was plaited in wonderful folds, with a hanging border of maiden-hair ferns, and in the middle of it were violets arranged in a circle and piled high. The outer circle was of dark Russian, the second of the gray Neapolitan, and the middle of white. Down the sides of the table, standing in the fold of the silk, were small white glasses filled, alternately with Russian and Neapolitan violets. Before every plate was arranged alternate bouquets of them, and at the corners of the table they were arranged in crescents. Little green and lilac fairy lamps were arranged about the center of the table, and at the four corners were many-branched silver candlesticks which held green candles and were hung with delicate vines. Very beautiful decorations for dinner-tables can be made of the fleur de lys, which are blossoming now in every shade, from the deepest royal purple to the palest lilac white, yellow, and every tint pink and crimson. A pretty summer breakfast given in one of the Fifth avenue restaurants this last week had a broad strip of muslin running down the center of the table, which was embroidered in arabesques of yellow silk, and in the center of the table was a yellow bowl filled with buttercups, and four yellow jars of the same flowers stood at the four corners. Instead of name-cards a broad scarf of yellow crepe, embroidered with the initial of each guest, was tied upon the back of the chair he or she was to occupy during the meal. The ices were white and yellow; apricots and Japan plumbs were the fruits, and the little bonbon dishes were filled with white and yellow peppermints.

A Snake Charmer's Training.

McConnel is 27 years old. He was brought up in Lord's Valley, a lonely part of Pike county. Pa. When he was a boy, playmates were few, and he used to amuse himself by hunting up rattlesnake dens and killing the reptiles. He had no trouble in finding them, for the country about his home was very rocky and rattlesnake were plentiful. He became so used to this sort of amusement that he lost all fear of the snakes. He knew their habits perfectly, and frequently handled them. He kept his parents in mortal terror, for it was not an uncommon thing for him to bring a rattler to the house and drop it upon the kitchen floor. His father used to keep a loaded shotgun handy, to kill the rattlesnakes that Johnny brought home. When he grew old he collected a den of them. They were a constant joy to him, and he was never weary of attending to their wants. He never used a forked stick to pin the snakes fast before he captured them, but used to aggravate them, until they struck at him, and then, while they were uncoiled and unable to spring, he would pick them up in his hands. About six years ago he started out to exhibit his pets. He has traveled all over the country.—New York Sun.

An Extraordinary Railroad.

One of the most interesting achievements in modern engineering is the electric mountain railway recently opened to the public at the Burgenstock, near Lucerne. The rails describe one grand curve formed upon an angle of 112 degrees, and the system is such that the journey is made as steadily and smoothly as upon any of the straight funicular lines. The Burgenstock is almost perpendicular—from the shore of Lake Lucerne to the Burgenstock is 1,330 feet, and it is 2,860 feet above the level of the sea. The total length of the line is 938 metres, and it commences with a gradient of 32 per cent, which is increased to 58 per cent after the first 400 metres, this being maintained for the rest of the journey. A single pair of rails is used throughout, and the motive power, electricity, is generated by two dynamos' each of twenty-five horse power, which are worked by a water wheel of nominally 125 power, erected upon the river Aar at its mouth at Buochs, three miles away, the electric current being conducted by means of insulated copper wires. The loss in transmission is estimated at 25 per cent.—New York Sun.

John C. Fremont.

General John C. Fremont may be seen on Broadway nowadays. It was thirty-three years ago, when he was 44 years old, that he stood as the first republican candidate for President of the United States, his wife, Jessie, being as romantic a figure in the campaign as he himself was. General Fremont bears his years well, and enjoys his life with Jessie on his ranch in California. His figure is yet straight and his movement spry. He has not forgotten his old home up in Ninth street, where the Wide Awakes awoke the echoes in the olden times.—New York Sun.

The best of reasons: Balkley—"What's the matter, deah boy? Why don't you sit down?" Calkley—"Cawn't, you know. Got on a standing collah."—Clothier and Furnisher.

Keep Their Minds Cheerful.

A reasonably sure way to produce disease in children is to fill their minds with a knowledge of disease symptoms. Tell them where their heart is located and let them know the dangerous character of any trouble affecting that organ, and ten chances to one, with an occasional muscular twitch in that locality, they will settle into the unpleasant conviction that their heart is not in its normal condition. One fortified with the information that every vertebrate has a liver and every nervous child with a slight coating on the tongue will cry for some preparation that is at least tinctured with calomel. It is all right to teach a child certain general hygienic laws. It is necessary to convince them that if they lie or sit on the damp ground or expose themselves, when very warm, to draught, they will take cold. Certain anatomical laws ought to be taught children, but this continuous cackle about palpitation of the heart, or other cardiac difficulties, torpid livers, disintegrated kidneys and nervous debility, is productive of harm. It stimulates a morbid imagination and in youthful minds make mountains out of mole hills. If there is any actual disease the only sensible course for a parent to take is to lead the young mind away from a contemplation of it. There is a deal of sympathy between the mind and body. When joyous and free from anxiety the mind never invites bodily ailments. Surrounded by sunshine and flowers and devoted friends, a child is not apt to worry over clouds and poisonous weeds and enemies.—Cincinnati Times.

A Gypsy Evangelist.

There is a Gypsy evangeltst conducting a revival at the Trinity M. E. church, Cincinnati, with marked success. Twelve years ago he roamed the highways and byways of England with his Romany tribe. Becoming converted he took to preaching! The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says of him: He told one reminiscence last night which fairly illustrates his style. Just before he arose to speak the choir sang "Rescue the Perishing." Said he "That reminds me of the time when I was the guest of the Sergeant of the Mace in London. We were sitting, after the evening service, in his parlor, resting before retiring for the night. Said the Sergeant to his daughter: 'Play something.' She went over to the piano and began to play 'Rescue the Perishing.' We all sang, and about us were elegant hangings and beautiful pictures. On the floor was a Brussels carpet, while the chairs were upholstered in satin and plush. I started to sing, then looked about me and said, 'stop!'"

"What do you mean?" said the Sergeant.

"Stop," said I. "I can't sing that song here. There are no perishing here. Go with me into the slums, a few squares from here, where to-night men and women are perishing by the scores. Then I will sing it, but not here."

The Widow's Strategy.

A man of considerable wealth, who died in New York some time since, made a distribution of his personal estate which did not suit his disconsolate widow. Among other unsatisfactory things, he bequeathed the proceeds of certain land and stocks of value to a brother, while he left to the widow the proceeds of other stocks and lands comparatively valueless, as a portion of her legacy. But the widow was sole executrix of the will, and, when she came to sell, she disposed of the land and stocks in a lump, setting a high valuation on those of which she was to have the proceeds and a low valuation on the others, the valuation of the two lots taken together making a fair price for the whole. By this means she exactly reversed that portion of her husband's will relating to the land and stocks in question. The brother, not relishing such sharp practice on the part of his sister in law, brought a suit to recover the actual value of the bequest made to him, whereupon the widow proposed that, instead of spending the estate in law, they should marry each other and enjoy it together. This proposition "struck a responsive chord" in the breast of the brother. They were married, accordingly, and are said to be having a jolly time in spending the fortune which the deceased gentleman was so kind as to accumulate for them.—New York Ledger.

The Usual Reduction.

Sol Smith Russel tells of a dear, pious old lady residing in this city, says the New York World, who has followed his career with great interest, though regretting that it was within the confines of the stage. One day she said:

"Won't you give us a dime for our mission, Mr. Russel?"

"A dime! Nonsense," said the comedian. "Here's $5."

But the old lady was firm.

"We only accept a dime from any one, and a prayer shall be said for you."

"Well that's a cheap investment," replied Sol, as he handed her the 10 cents.

Shortly after, when writing from the west to her, he said:

"I hope the mission is prospering. I haven't a dime about me, but please accept the enclosed coin. I suppose it's the usual reduction—three prayers for a quarter."

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Every man is "hunting for a girl" until he is married. Then he takes a rest and his wife begins.

A good deal of billing and cooing is being done at the summer resorts just now. Lovers do the cooing, and hotel proprietors the billing.—Life.

Smart attorney—"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear on that particular occasion?" Witness—"The close of day, I presume."—Omaha World.

The prince of Wales receives from the British exchequer more than $287,000 a year, the Duke of Edinburgh more than $115,000, and the Duke of Connaught $125,000. The Duke of Cambridge gets $93,000.

Governor Ross, formerly of Kansas, and one of the United States Senators who stood by Andrew Johnson in the impeachment proceedings, is now employed as a printer in the office of the Santa Fe New Mexican.

If a street car would make anything like the time after the passenger gets aboard that he is called upon to make in chasing one, our dream of rapid transit would be realized. But cars don't run that way.—Boston Commonwealth.

Judge Van Epps, of the city court of Atlanta, Ga., has sent a man convicted of gambling to the chain gang, and gives notice that in future all gamblers and carriers of concealed weapons who get in his court will travel the same road.

Brown (to Black, who is preparing for a European trip)—"How do you get along with your languages, old fellow?" Black—"Capitally. Why I've got so now I can think in French." Brown—"Well, that's a blessing, for its more than you could ever do in English."—Time.

When J. Wells Champney painted Prof. Maria Mitchell's portrait, some years ago, she insisted on literal fidelity to her appearance. "You can not make a beauty of me," she said. This recalls Oliver Cromwell's uncompromising words to his portrait painter: "Paint me as I am. If you leave out the scars and the wrinkles I will not pay you a penny."

The roll of years is beginning to tell on Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the famous story writer. She is now 72 years of age, and although still bright and active requires constant attention, owing to defective eyesight. The authoress lives in Yonkers, at the home of her son, who has a lucrative medical practice. Her regular yearly income is $10,000, and with this and the royalties on her many books she is able to live comfortably.

At a single kiln in the secluded town of San Felipe, of the Incomplete towers (Torresmochas), in the Mexican State of Guanaxuato, is produced lustred pottery rivalling in brilliancy the gorgeous Gubbia lustres of the sixteenth century. During his Mexican tour of two years ago Charles Dudley Warner found specimens of this ware, the making of which had been supposed to be a lost art. Miss Y. H. Addis, taking up the clue thus furnished, discovered the place of manufacture. In Harper's Magazine for August she tells the story of her exploit, and W. C. Prime, in an introduction to her aticle, explains the value of the secret of the Gubbio lustres.

The oldest man in the world, in all probability, is Nagy Ferenez, of Barcas, Hungary. He was born in Hedrahelz 121 years ago. Twenty years of his life he spent as a soldier and he fought against the first Napoleon in several famous battles. Early in life he was crossed in love and he has been a misogynist ever since. He has used tobacco for 104 years and has indulged more or less in beer and wine. He is in perfect health, has all his faculties and can recall events of his childhood readily. He likes to gossip and his conversation is very entertaining.

It Don't Pay

To use uncertain means when suffering from diseases of the liver, blood or lungs, such as billiousness, or "liver complaint," skin diseases, scrofulous sores or swellings, or from lung scrofula (commonly known as consumption of the lungs) when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure all these affections, if taken in time, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

$500 offered for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy.

A Quarrel.

Philadelphia Press.

Haje Hassein Ghooly Khan
Has a row with Jonathan.
Jonathan keeps saying "faugh!"
Khan ejaculating, "Shah!"
So that everyone may see
Why it is they can't agree;
Why they cannot compromise—
Why they won't apologize.
Jonathan declares he shan't,
And Haje Hassein Ghooly Khant.

A Peculiar Fever.

The wife of Jacob Hocker, of McKeesport, Pa., is recovering from a fever of a peculiar type. Her whole body shed its skin. The skin of the hands and arms came off like a glove, and the hair, and the toe and finger nails also came off. This is the third time the lady has had the affliction.

We wish to say to our readers that Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extracts of Orange, Vanilla, Lemon, etc., are the finest, purest and most natural flavors we have ever used. They are made from the true select fruit and aromatics. The common flavoring extracts in the market bear no comparison for fine flavor, to Dr. Price's.

A LOVE SONG.

Night cometh, Love, and we must part,
How happy was the day!
Yet doubt begins to fill my heart
Ere fades the last bright ray;
We who have lived together here
Must tread a separate road,
And shall we meet in other sphere
To share a blest abode?

Ah! closer come, and let me feel
That thou art still my own,
And let my arms around thee steal
As they in past were prone;
Bright rays are shining in the West,
To tell that day is done,
And we shall enter into rest
Perhaps ere morning's sun.

The few bright hours that here remain
We'll spend together, Love,
Nor fear, though doubts awhile obtain,
But we shall meet above;
The glow is sinking from the West,
Love, hear my throbbing heart,
Once more I clasp thee to my breast,
Night cometh, we must part.
—St. Louis Magazine.

THEY SUBSCRIB BY THE YEAR.

Beer and Barbering Arranged for a Long Way Ahead.

London Figaro.

The keeper of a Berlin beershop or brasserie has hit upon a novel way of increasing his business, or, at all events, of temporarily augmenting his ready-money making. He has announced his readiness to issue to any customer willing and able to pay down 600 marks (say £30 sterling) a ticket entitling him to call at his bierhalle whenever he likes, and to drink just as much as he pleases whenever he pays it a visit. To encourage subscribers to come forward, this enterprising publican has also consented to issue season tickets entitling the holder to unlimited drinks for the space of a calendar month for the sum of 60 marks, or about £3. This scheme has only just been initiated, so it is impossible to say as yet how it will work.

Speaking of season tickets, it is, of course, well known that one can subscribe by the month or year to what is called a "Toilet Club," and thus secure the right to drop at any time into a hair-cutting saloon and have one's hair cut or brushed by machinery, or singed, or curled, or what not. But I doubt if the general public is aware that chiropodists also issue season tickets, and look after their clients' corns and bunions by the month or year. At a first glance, the notion of being compelled to subscribe to a chiropodist by the year is a somewhat appalling one, but doubtless these annual tickets supply a pressing want, and the investment of a guinea in such a way probably adds much more to the investor's daily happiness than if he paid it away to secure the right to pursue an unlimited number of trashy novels.

Among Errors Ruinous to Health,

One of the most mischievous and most common is the indiscriminate and too frequent use of purgatives. Such medicines, if well chosen and seasonably resorted to, are certainly useful, but many persons select the worst, fly from one to the other, and employ them when there is no occasion, or their utility has ceased: To establish on a permanent basis a regular of the bowels, the finest alterative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is botanic in origian, and a safe succedaneum for those objectionable drugs, calomel and blue pill; it does not gripe or drench the bowels like the ordinary epacuents, and it not only reforms irregularity of the habit of body, but remedies the disorder and inactivity of the liver and stomach, which usually accompany that condition. Rheumatism, kidney trouble malarial complaint and nervousness are removed by the bitters.

A Clincher.

Outraged Erin—Gintlemin, I wud loike to ashk thim Amerikins wan thing: Who doog the canals uv the coontry but furriners? Who built the railruds uv the coontry but furriners? Who worruks the mines uv the coontry but furriners? Who does the votin' fur the coontry but furriners? And who the divil dishcoovered the coontry but furriners?

J. S. PARKER, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hush money—The wages of the baby's nurse.

"Penny wise and pound foolish" are those who think it economy to use cheap soda and rosin soaps, instead of the good old Dobbins' Electric Soap; for sale by all grocers since 1864. Try it once. Be sure, buy genuine.

A girl never knows how good she is at making up excuses until some one asks her to sing and she does not want to.

The crushed worm will turn, but he always turns the wrong way when you're trying to thread him on a hook.

Before going to College you would do well to drop a postal for a catalogue of Wittenberg College, an old and thoroughly established institution. See their advertisement.

This is the age of wonders, and the average American citizen is no longer surprised at anything. If you want to experience that sensation, however, just write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond Va., and hear what they have got to say of the success of some of their agents They have got the goods that sell, and any one out of employment will consult their own interests by applying to them.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

IMPORTANT.

When visiting New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 Handsomely Furnished Rooms at $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators, and all Modern Conveniences.

Restaurants supplied with the best. Horse cars and elevated railroads to all depots. You can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Eve's Daughters.

St. Louis Magazines.

Fashion items: "The oldest-fashion flowers are sought for in millinery—such as sweet williams, etc." Probably it may not be a Miss to remark that sweet Williams are generally sought for in other matters than millinery.

"Do I know her?" says Judge Fairfee. "Well, I do. She's the pert young miss who used to sing so divinely, 'Oh! had I the wings of a dove.' She's married now, and she silently prays that hubby's salary may be raised so she can occasionally invest in a chicken leg or pig's feet."

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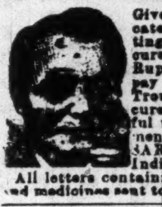

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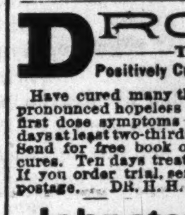
All letters containing 2c stamp promptly answered and medicines sent to order.

The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably

DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED EYE-WATER.

This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century. There are few diseases to which mankind are subject more distressing than sore eyes, and none, perhaps, for which more remedies have been tried without success. For all external inflammation of the eyes it is an infallible remedy. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. For sale by all druggists. JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y. Established 179



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Have cured many thousand cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. Send for free book of testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days treatment furnished free by mail. If you order trial, send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

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Our New Book. THE JOHNSTOWN HORROR OR VALLEY OF DEATH. The most thrilling book ever issued. AGENTS WANTED in every township. Terms, 50 per cent.; outfits, 35c. National Pub. Co., 180 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

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Have that extreme tired feeling, languor, without appetite or strength, impaired digestion, and a general feeling of misery it is impossible to describe? Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, promoting digestion and toning up the whole system, giving strength and activity in place of weakness and debility. Be sure to get Hood's.

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100 Doses One Dollar

BRUNKER'S Carminative BALSAM

"Who's afeard to eat green apples!
You betcher Brunker's Balsam's dandy."

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For Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Cramp-Colic, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Congestion, and Neuralgia of the Stomach and Bowls, Sour Stomach and various forms of Indigestion. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED to Give Satisfaction or Money REFUNDED. Price 25c & 50c, by Druggists. 25c size sent by mail on receipt of price and 6c to pay postage, address, GLOBE MEDICINE CO., Terre Haute, Ind.

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Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

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WELL DRILLS for all purposes. Send 20cts. for mailing catalogues with full particulars, CARPENTER ST. AND CARROLL AVE.

JONES HE PAYS THE FREIGHT.

5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for $60. Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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HALF RATES — TO THE — **FARMING REGIONS** —OF THE— **WEST, SOUTHWEST, NORTHWEST.**

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of losing your child by permitting Worms to work out its destruction. When a child fails to sleep well, is restless, unnatural in its appetite and grinds its teeth, you have strong indications of Worms; the positive cure for this is B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE. Ask your druggist for it. Its timely use may save your child from its grave.

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Wanted in every county. Shrewd men to act under instruction, in our secret service. Experience not necessary. Send 2c stamp. Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cin'ati, O.

ORATORS find that Piso's Cure for Consumption not only PREVENTS, but also CURES Hoarseness.

LADIES' Eng. Tansy Pills. Safe, prompt, effectual. Try the original and only genuine Woman's Salvation. Cir. and sworn testimony 2 stps. Pkg by mail $1.04. Warranted. DR. CATON, Box 5257, BOSTON, MASS.

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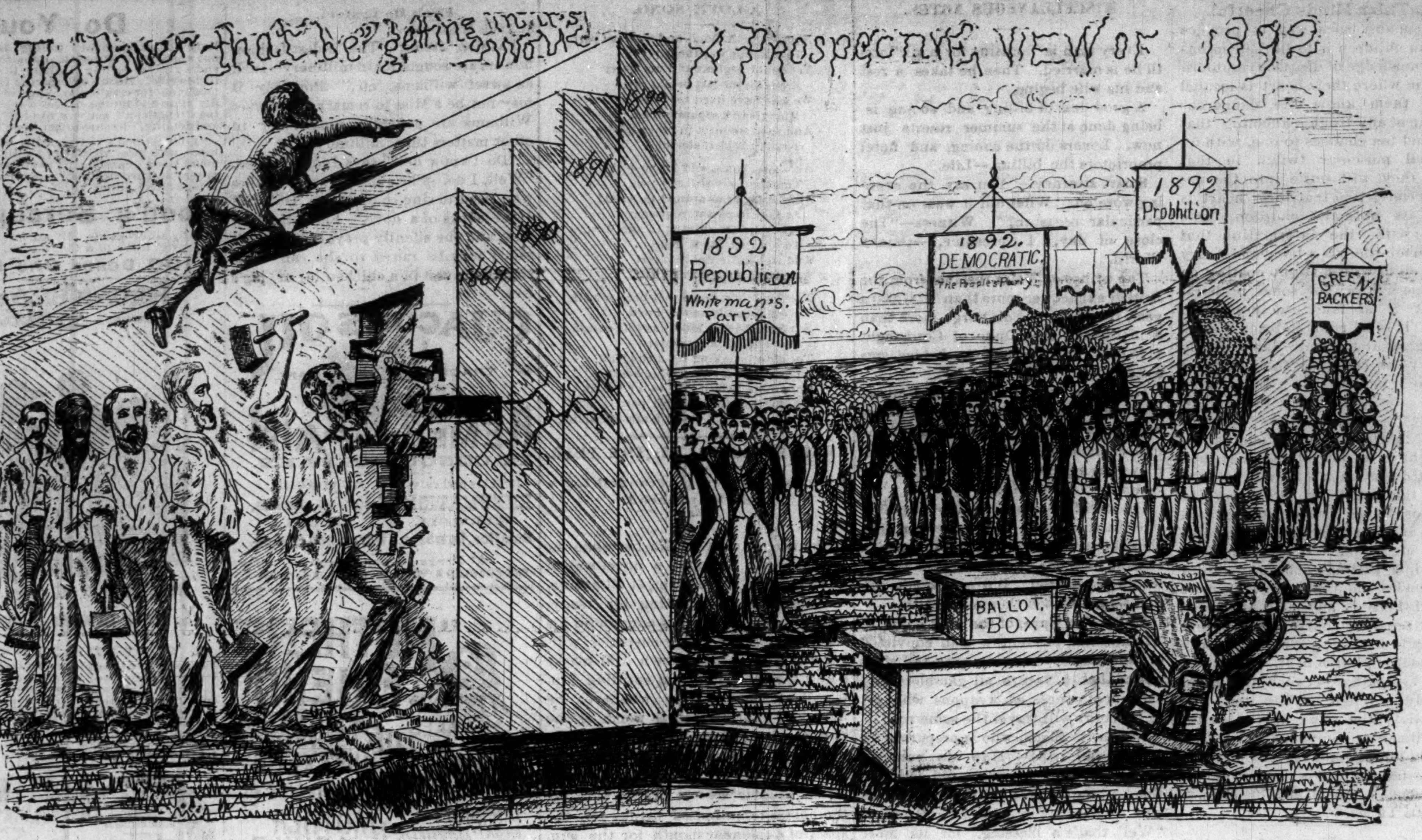
The Power That be, getting in its work
A PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF 1892
1889
1890
1891
1892
1892 Republican Whiteman's Party
1892 DEMOCRATIC The People's Party
1892 Prohibition
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THE FREEMAN'S POLITICAL HOROSCOPE.

A Prospective View of the Political Situation in '92. The Negro in Every Procession but the Republican, which has metamorphosed into a White Man's Procession.

A New Boarding and Lodging House.

MRS. GEORGE W. TEETERS

Has just opened a first-class Boarding and Lodging house at

190 N. Missouri St.,

where she will be pleased to see her friends and the general public. First class beard and lodging furnished to all. (tf)

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Zion Undertakers' Association,
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Keep on hand all kinds of Coffins. Caskets of all sizes for adults and children.

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Residence, No. 112 N. Cevallos St.

J. Hammer & Bro.,
—Dealers in—
Staple and Fancy Groceries.
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PIANOS AND ORGANS,
25 Second-hand Pianos,
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42 and 44 N. Pennsylvania St.,
Next door to the "When."

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN
Washington, D. C
Send for Circular

OUR LOCAL LIFE.

Mrs. Rev. Chas. Williams is very ill.

Wm. Brazil is visiting his mother in Louisville, Ky.

The Thornton Guards will go to Louisville to-night.

Wesley Brown has gone to Chicago for permanent location.

Mr. Chas. Brown will take a trip to Niagara Falls in a few days.

Mrs. L. V. Dudley, of Louisville, Ky., is visiting Mrs. Laine, of this city.

Mr. Walter Minor took his departure for Takoma, W. T., last Monday.

Go with the Thornton guards to Louisville to-night. Only $2.50 round trip.

A big time is assured if you will go with the Thornton guards to Louisville, tonight.

The Conclave given by the U. B. of F. was a grand success, financially and otherwise.

Mr. T. Bransford and several others will take the civil service examination next week.

Hon. S. J. Hinton has been invited to deliver an address at the Exposition grounds this afternoon.

Henry Singleton has been appointed mail car porter, running between Richmond and Terre Haute.

South Calvary Literary closed Monday evening, to meet the first Monday evening evening in September next.

Mr. Daniel Barlett, died last week and was buried from Little Zion Church by they United Brethren of Friendship.

Mr. and Mrs. Collin's and Mrs. Eliza Turner of Louisville, Ky., was the guests of Mrs. Fannie Backner last week.

Miss Sarah Banks, Mr. H. C. Turner, Mr. Allen Dudley and others attended the Sunday School Convention at Paris, Ill., last week.

Miss Jennie Young of Warsaw, Ind., who was the guest of Mrs. Aaron Young, during the conclave, returned home last Monday.

Prof. F. S. Delaney, of Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City, Mo, passed through the city this week, enroute to Wilberforce, Ohio, his old home.

The Hoosier; Black Sock the crack colored nine of Indiana will play the Champion colored club in Louisville, Sunday and Monday at the white ball park.

Rev. H. T. Johnson, President of W. Tewnessee University and Presiding Elder of S. Memphis Division, Memphis Tenn., is here in the interest of the university.

Mr. Edward Evertt, of Rushville, Ind. is in the city making arrangements for the emancipation celebration which is to be given in that city in August. Mr. Evertt is an enterprising and wide awake young man and we are assured that the celebration under his management will be a success in every particular.

Mr. William Porter and wife who were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Porter, during the U. B. F. Conclave returned to their home in Memphis, Tenn., Monday.

The Ministers' and Deacon's Meeting.

The body met in the Second Baptist Church last Monday morning with the following members present:

Rev.'s J. R. Raynor, C. Duncan, P. Furguson, F. H. Hayden, N. A. Seymore, F. Fisher, J. R. Parker, J. Mars, Jenkins, C. C. Wilson, G. W. Teeters, J. Preston and J. W. Car.

Lics. P. Edwards, C. Russell, J. R. Evert. J. W. Mars, G. W. Teeters, A. Davis, J. H. Milton and Bro. G. W. Bruton:

Visitors: Rev. D. S. Scott, of Alabama.

Rev. F. H. Hayden was chosen Moderator, and Rev. Reynor offorded prayer.

REPORTS.

Second Baptist Sunday School at 9 a. m., collection $1.74. Rev. D. S. Scott preached. Col. $131.90. W. Carr, pastor.

Garfield Sunday School at 25, collection, 20c. Rev. Dorsey preached. Col. $2.00.

Belmont S. S., a. m., at 28. Col. 75c. Preaching at 3 p. m. by R. P. Edwards, and R. Travan at evening. J. M. Davis, pastor.

Little Zion. Rev. Hayden preached at 11 a. m. Rev. Parker at 3 p. m. S. S. at 1:00. Col. 90. Rev. preached at 9:30. Col. $10 63.

New Bethel. S. S. at 44. Col. 25c. Preaching all day at Bruce's Park by A. A. Price. Col. $28.63. Reopening at New Bethel next Sunday, Aug. 4. All are invited to attend. N. A. Seymore, pastor.

Shelbyville, Ind. Preaching by Rev. C. Duncan at 11 a. m. S. S. at 2 o'clock at 24. Col. 50c. Preaching all day by Rev.'s Green and Duncan. Collection $46.35.

North Indianapolis. S. S. 20, Col. 35c. Pastor preached at 11 a. m. Lord's supper at 3 At 8 p. m. by Lic. T. Williams. Col. $6.75.

South Calvary. S. S. 51. Collection, 55c. Preaching by C. Williams, pastor. Col. $6.00.

Olivet Branch Church. Elder Walker preached at 11 a m. At 7:20 by M. C. Elzy. Col. $5.52. John Preston, pastor.

Simpson Chapel. S. S. Att. 85. Col. 8·c. Rev. Wm. Prentice at 3 p. m. H. M. Cypress. By pastor at 8 p. m. Col. $215.00 Benediction by Rev. G. A. Sissel. J. W. Carr, Sec.

THE BEES SWARM.

An Attempt to Hive Them Ends Disastrously.

Bill Nye in Indianapolis Journal.

Bees swarm about 10 a. m. or 3 p. m. and enjoy doing so on Sunday, if possible. Selecting a hot Sabbath and waiting patiently until the farmer has shaved one side of his face and lathered the other, the bees decide that they will swarm. The farmer's wife notices it while she is in the garden getting a sprig of caraway to take to meeting. She calls Henry and tells him the bees are swarming. He starts out with a new hive and looking up in the air he falls over a croquet set and injures himself. His wife says, "Henry, you ought to put on that mosquito bar arrangement I made for you the other day They are real cross this morning and they will certainly sting you if you don't.

"Git out with your pesky nonsense," he straightway doth reply. "I never put nawthing on me before, and I won't do it now."

"But, Henry, they are so feverish today, and you have got your other clothes on, so they won't know you. Do try it this time."

So he wraps up his head in a green mosquito net, and puts on a pair of cowhide mittens. The bees alight on a tall elm tree, and he gets a ladder up there against it. Then he slowly ascends the tree, with a bee hive under his arm. Just before he put on the mosquito net he took a large chew of tobacco. He now wishes that he had not. People begin to go by on their way to meeting and see him up in the tree with a large green head on him and hot leather mittens. They speak to him, but he can not reply, because his mouth is full of tobacco.

It is very hot; indeed. The sun pours down through the hot leaves, and the breeze is taking much needed rest. He gets up in the top of the tree and looks like a new style of lizard. Sabbath school boys, wearing chip hats faced with gingham, pause on their way to the house of worship and watch him. He reaches out to scoop in a handful of the brown, fuzzy insects, but the leather mits smell strangely to them. They do not recognize the proprietor by his paws and his odor. Three or four bees fall down inside those mittens, and, feeling that they must defend themselves, make a hot highway across the back of his hand. Then Henry yells and drops the hive on the Bible class. Some bees get under his green vail and in his hair, and finding that they cannot get out, they sink on him with their little, heated hypodermics, and he says things which bring the blush to the features of his sad wife.

For days afterwards they sit opposite each other at the table and do not say anything. He looks at her savagely with one eye, the other being closed by its creditors. It is three days before he will even ask her to pass the butter, he is so mad.

Bees are very industrious, but fool themselves by accumulating more than they need, forgetting that they will soon die and leave their substance for the use of those who did not earn it. We should learn a lesson from the bee and not run the matter of industry into the ground. We should not strive to accumulate so much that it will prevent our enjoyment during our life time and only enrich the idle after our death. Bees should remember that their shrouds will not hold honey. The bee could learn much from man, I think, in this way.

A little girl in Albany whose family was about to move to New Jersey, and who had heard Jersey spoken of as a particularly forlorn and God forsaken place, was saying her prayers at her mother's knee the night before their intended departure. She said all that had ever been taught her, and then with peculiar emphasis and solemnity added "And now, good-by, God, for to morrow we go to New Jersey."

Harvest Excursions
at Half Fare

To all points in Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas, Pan Handle of Texas, Wyoming and Utah, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad.

Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays,

August 6th, September 10th, August 20th, September 24th, and October 8th, 1889.

Stop over privileges within limit of these Excursion Tickets (30 days) will be allowed on the Santa Fe, going and returning, regardless of whether your ticket so stipulates or not. Choice of Routes going and returning will be given wherever your destination can be reached by more than one of the Santa Fe lines. This offers 12 combinations within the State of Kansas alone No other road can offer this variety.

Whether you seek highly improved and irrigated farms or government land, plains or mountains, hot springs, summer resorts, cattle ranges or gold mines, coal or corn, the oldest city in America (Santa Fe) or the newest in the world (Oklahoma, Guthrie,) take the Santa Fe Route. It offers you a trip over a greater extent of country; through more States and Territories; in finer cars; over a better road-bed; give you a greater variety of scenery and climate; takes you through a richer farming country and through finer and more extensive grazing lands, salt lands, coal lands and mining regions of silver and gold; gives you better meals at its eating stations more privileges on your tickets and a more profitable excursion generally than it is possible for any other road to offer. Call on your nearest ticket agent for rates, tickets, etc. or address,

F. T. HENDRY, Passenger Agt.,
Room 10, Jackson Place,
Indianapolis, - Ind.
And
GEO. T. NICHOLM,
Gen'l, P. and T. Agt.,
TOPEKA, KANS.

Howard University,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Fall term of this well-known institution will open on September 18, when such students will be received to its industrial, normal, preparatory and college departments as shall be found sufficiently advanced in their studies.

The theological, medical and law departments open on Oct. 1st.

Tuition free except in Medical and Law Departments.

No distinction of race or sex. Those who desire a genuine Higher Education will find here peculiar advantages.

Students competent to enter the College course will receive special aid, if necessary.

Send for Catalogue.
3m J. B. JOHNSON, Secretary.

MR. J. R. JACKSON
—Has opened a nice—
Restaurant
—at—
162 Indiana Ave.
Meals, Lunches and Ice Cream at all hours. Everything served in first-class style. Give him a call.

The New Colored Grocery,
WAMACK & JONES, Proprietors,

Are prepared to furnish you anything in the grocery line. They have just put in a full supply of the latest brands of goods and carry a full line of everything. They can sell as cheap as the cheapest and invite you to give them a call.

☞ We also have an Ice Cream Saloon in the rear of the Grocery, where the gay and festive may tryst.

COME AND SEE US.
WAMACK & JONES, 54 Howard St.

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE!
Blinn's, 20 W. Wash. Street.,
Dry Goods Damaged by Fire Monday July 15,

Are now on sale. The goods must be sold—regardless of former prices. Muslins, Ginghams, Sheetings, Table Linens, Towels, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Embroideries, Laces and Notions—all must go at big reductions.

Come Early and Secure the Best Bargains.

BLINN'S,
20 W. Washington Street., Indianapolis.

Grand Union Excursion
—TO—
LOUISVILLE,
Saturday, August 3.
Co. M. 3d Reg. Thorntown Guards
—AND—
Company M. 2nd Regiment English Guards, Indiana State Legion

Will run an Excursion to Louisville, via the J. M. & I., August 3rd. Trains will leave the Union Depot at 10:30 Saturday night, arriving at Louisville at 5:30 Sunday morning, August 4th. A Military Sermon will be delivered to the Companies in the forenoon at 12th Street Church and a DRESS PARADE will be given in the afternoon at Daisy Park. On Monday evening a grand Complimentary Banquet and promenade Concert will be tendered the Companies at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Tickets good returning on any regular train until 7:20 Tuesday morning. Let every one join us. Remember the date, August 3rd. The fare only $2.50 for the round trip.

BEN. T. THORNTON, General Manager.

THE INDEPENDENT
SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF HONOR
Will Celebrate Their 41st Anniversary
At the Exposition Grounds
in this City,
Saturday, Aug. 3, 1889

The public is invited to turn out. There will be speaking by prominent members of the Order in the afternoon. Refreshments in abundance! There will be a Prize Drill by Indianapolis and Louisville, Ky., Commanderies, for $100, at 8 p. m. Eight refreshment Stands sold on the grounds, Saturday, July 27, 1889, at 2 p. m. The Music will be furnished by the

BROTHERHOOD BAND
who will give a Grand Concert, beginning at 7 p. m.

Admission 25 and 15 cents

Committee of Arrangements:
Messrs. J. B. Williams, T. Nelson, S. Pierce, S. Doyle, L. V. Smith, Geo. Thomas, J. Jackson Wm. Williams, Geo. Allen, Wm. Franklin.

REV. J. A. PRESTON, Chairman.
J. A. JONHNSON, Secretary.